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MARCH 1953 20 CENTS

Chatelaine

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN



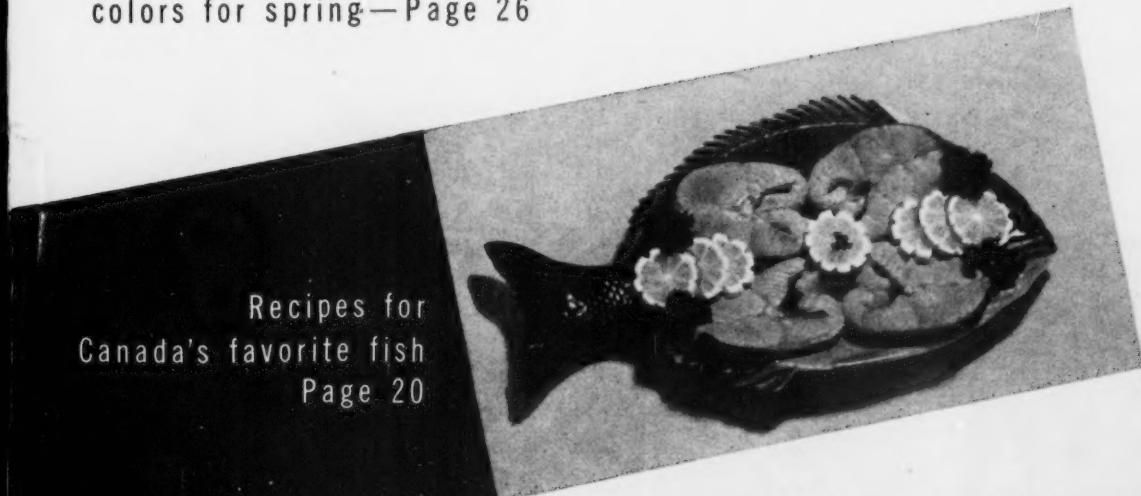
Coronation decrees the colors for spring—Page 26



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Recipes for
Canada's favorite fish
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NOW in color for framing
the Queen's most famous photo
plus a story by Hector Bolitho



MRS. T. H. DRYDEN
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gives her soft, clear skin
Camay all-weather care.

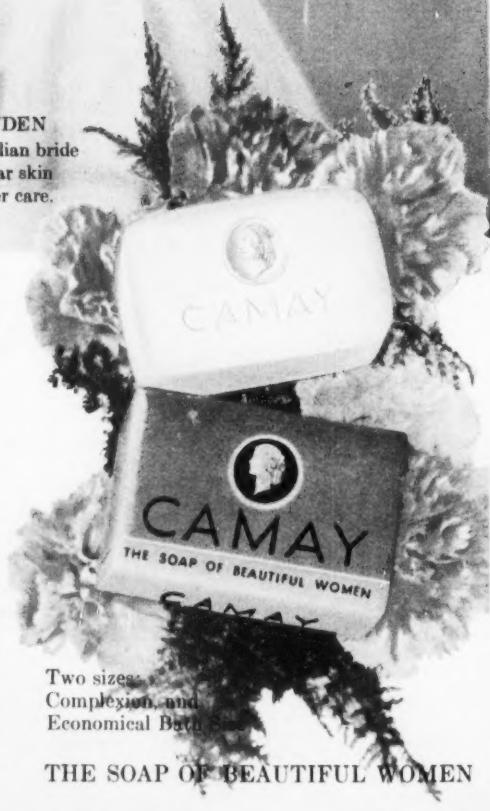
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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

HOW CANADA'S
CHANGEABLE CLIMATE
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Your skin is sensitive to changing
weather. That's why Camay is
made for the special complexion
problems of Canadian women.
With daily Camay care the you can
face any change in the weather
unafraid.





This month Chatelaine is twenty-five years old. It's a pleasant age, neither brashly young nor yet so old that one tends to become set in one's ways. Even more stimulating is the thought that magazines, unlike people, can go on growing forever, which is just what we expect of Chatelaine.

The year 1928, when Chatelaine first made its appearance with the cover you see above, was a time when stocks swept to dizzy heights and scientists attempted to communicate with Mars. Mars didn't reply but the first transatlantic telephone call between England and Canada was completed. Talkies hit the nation's screens that year. People were humming "Sonny Boy" and dancing the Black Bottom.

Women made headlines in many ways. Amelia Earhart in a plane called "Friendship" piloted her way to fame as the first woman to fly the Atlantic. Emmeline Pankhurst, world-famous suffragette, was borne to her grave. The Canadian girls' team captured the world title in track and field at the Olympics in Amsterdam, and the Privy Council sternly decreed that women should not be allowed to take seats in the Canadian senate. Beef was thirty-five cents a pound and you could rent an average family-sized house for twenty-eight dollars a month.

The first editor of "The Chatelaine" was Anne Elizabeth Wilson, under the guidance of H. Napier Moore, Editorial Director. The name "The Chatelaine" was chosen from a nation-wide contest that brought in seventy-five thousand entries. The winner, Mrs. Hilda Pain, a rancher's wife in Eburne, British Columbia, won one thousand dollars.

Chatelaine Centre

**We get a pin and join a club
on our 25th birthday**

Then as now, Chatelaine gave women the latest news about fashion. Styles were for flat-chested, waistless figures, and women peered out from under pencilled brows and bucketlike cloches. Skirts cleared the knees and long scarves were wrapped around the throat.



Chatelaine's early fiction pieces carried cryptic titles such as "Kings" and "Sprained Ankle" and in one of them a writer keened, "Oh, how could Cynthia have forgotten the anguish of that moment!"

In September, 1929, Anne Elizabeth Wilson left to be married and Byrne Hope Sanders stepped in as editor, a position she held until 1950. In March, 1930, Chatelaine Institute was established with a fully equipped kitchen for testing new recipes. In November, 1931, The Chatelaine clipped "the" from its title.

With the thirties hemlines dropped and women came out from under the cloche. Polo coats, mannish hats and plunging necklines were in vogue. Articles with these titles appeared: "If you were engaged to the Prince of Wales," "How to get married on eighteen dollars a week," "I kept house in Russia." In the mid-thirties an article by a Quebec M.P. urged all women to stay in the home and leave the available depression jobs to the men.

By 1939 the first color photograph appeared on Chatelaine's cover. The war years featured stories on air raid precautions and victory meals.

Byrne Hope Sanders was called to Ottawa in 1942 to direct the women's division of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. When she returned she organized Chatelaine's Consumer Council, consisting of two thousand Canadian housewives. It was a Chatelaine Consumer Council survey that started machinery turning to have the ban lifted on margarine in Canada. Another Consumer Council survey sparked a crusade to have the luxury tax removed from such items as toothpaste, cosmetics, fountain pens and watches, and was instrumental in the removal of these taxes some months later.

Chatelaine can also proudly point to the many famous names that have appeared on its pages . . . Dorothy Dix, Agatha Christie, Nellie McClung and L. M. Montgomery. Al Parker, one of America's leading illustrators, sold his first story illustration to Chatelaine.

Today, Chatelaine has grown from a circulation of fifty thousand to four hundred thousand with close to a million readers and is still setting precedents with a new cover design and for the first time in its history it has a man as editor.

With this issue Chatelaine becomes eligible as a member of the Quarter Century Club, which includes all employees of the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company who have been with the organization for twenty-five years and wear the Quarter Century pin you see illustrated.



As the magazine enters its second quarter-century it wears a new and exciting dress but the aim expressed in the first issue remains the same: To serve the Canadian woman in her every interest and need.

JOHN CLARE, Editor

ALMEDA GLASSEY, Associate Editor GERALD ANGLIN, Associate Editor
 MARIE HOLMES, Director Chatelaine Institute PEGGY STROUD, Assistant to Director MARION GRAHAM, Technician
 A. STANLEY FURNIVAL, Art Director RON BUTLER, Assistant to the Art Director
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HEY, MOM!
Where's the Listerine?
We've got Sore Throats!



Among the "Secondary Invaders" Are Germs of the Pneumonia and "Strep" Types. These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



Prompt Action...
can often help head them off
or lessen their severity

WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO, gargle Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of a sneeze, sniffle, cough or scratchy throat due to a cold.

Kill Germs on Throat Surfaces

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders." (See panel above.) These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues.

Fewer Colds and Sore Throats in Tests

Remember, tests made over a 12-year period in great industrial plants disclosed this record: That twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds, generally milder colds, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.

At the first sign of a cold or sore throat—

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!

Made in Canada

Chatelaine



Cut out and frame page 11 — the Queen's most famous photo reproduced in full color. This month's cover was designed by Oscar.

Chatelaine

MARCH

1953

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Reader Takes Over

Lesson for Doting Mamas

I was so sure you would receive many letters of appreciation on June Callwood's story of Jennifer that I decided to let others speak for me. Imagine my surprise to find the only comment was a nasty slam from a Calgary reader. Like Miss Callwood I am a third-time mother and together with other young mothers enjoyed her good-natured jibes at herself (and all of us). Her forthright manner and down-to-earth attitude should be a lesson to doting mamas.—Mrs. A. T. Shand, Medicine Hat.

... I protest indignantly at Mrs. Martin's letter in January re November cover and life of Jennifer. I read every line with great delight. I'm positive other mothers too compared notes for their own babies.—J. J. T., St. Boniface, Man.

... I should like to see the same author do a similar series on Jennifer's Second Year. From my experience with three children the first year is a cinch to the second and third when they reach the terrible "no" stage.—Mrs. G. O. Bere, Auburn, Ont.

... Give us these Canadian babies any day and leave Charlie and Anne where they are.—Mrs. F. Hoglund, Eckville, Alta.

... To your Calgary correspondent who is bored with babies I would like to say there is only one baby in the world and that is "everybody's baby." My deepest sympathy goes to anyone who finds herself bored with them.—Mrs. D. Wray, Winnipeg.

Backward Progress

I want to congratulate you on the acquisition of Judith Robinson. I was particularly tickled with her reference in December to the trunks coming east containing "illegal prairie chicken," for as a child I was at the end where the prairie chicken were packed, on a farm near Regina, and when the trunks came back they held sealers of delicious Ontario fruits.—Mrs. S. B. Fleming, Vancouver.

... In January Chatelaine Judith Robinson states it would be better to put our faith in mashed potatoes than in progress. It seems Miss R's faith in progress in human nature is about as substantial as mashed potatoes. Perhaps she is living in the wrong country—Asia might prove more interesting.—Mrs. L. W. Lockhart, Bristol, N.B.

... I was amazed that a person whose articles were published in a magazine didn't know that progress meant going forward!—Mrs. W. A. Porter, Wolfville.

... Many thanks for the reading pleasure involved in "Mrs. Kelly's Lily," by Judith Robinson. She has achieved a simplicity of expression which, combined with humor and vivid characterization, results in "readable stuff." So few writers possess these qualities; and to find them impels a lover of fine workmanship to say: Well done! — C. B. Robertson, Victoria.

... Read Judith Robinson's column in Feb. Chat. and was just thrilled with the story of Mrs. Kelly's lily. How I wish it were possible to have the seeds of that wonderful flower!—Mrs. W. Geisel, Hamilton, Ont.

Stories a Good Influence

"A Present for Miss Merriam" and "Fifteen Borrowed Dollars," in December Chatelaine, are the finest stories I have read in a long time. It's refreshing to read fascinating decent stories about good everyday people. There are still a lot on this earth but they are sadly neglected in modern fiction.—Pearl M. Walker, Maine, U.S.A.

... How much good a story like "Fifteen Borrowed Dollars," by Violet King, does to influence the growing mind. Writers today have a tremendous responsibility in forming public opinion on what is right and wrong.—Mrs. Wm. Alexander, Owen Sound.

Royalty Uninteresting

Haven't you anything more constructive to write about than the British nobility and an exiled Greek? As a third-generation Canadian I'm certainly not interested.—Mrs. Bill Scott, Red Deer.

... Is something the matter with me or are there other readers as sick of articles on the Queen as I am?—Mrs. L. K. Thomas, Lethbridge.

A Slant on Sports

As an active young matron I would enjoy the odd sports-slanted article and also the showing of modern Canadian sports clothes, both active and spectator.—Mrs. W. J. Pullam, Toronto.

Repercussions of Divorce

Some years ago I cancelled my subscription to Chatelaine because of an article: "Why I Had a Civil Marriage." ... Now I have just been given a gift subscription and what do I find? "Why I Marry Divorcees"! Just what is Chatelaine trying to do? Play God to Canadians?—Mrs. W. Smart, Sydney, B.C.

... The Rev. A. C. Forrest should study the Bible and see what the Lord Himself said about divorced persons remarrying.—Mrs. W. White, Stratford, Ont.

... In spite of the tolerance of the courageous Mr. Forrest, I am a bit puzzled about the repercussions of my second marriage. My wife and I have been married for fifteen years. Our two sons attend the Anglican church. However, Anglicans disallow divorce—so I wonder if my boys should be there at all—especially as the church is now pressing for their confirmation?—H. B., Swift Current.

Warning Too Late

Thank you for "Beware the Phony Bargain" in January. I wish I had seen the article two weeks earlier for I have

Continued on page 80

The story of two fat men...



One acted unwisely... he always ate too much; he tried to lose weight quickly through strenuous exercise, self-prescribed drugs, and other shortcuts to weight reduction.

One reduced sensibly... he consulted his doctor about his weight problem, and followed a properly balanced diet to bring his weight down gradually, and keep it at a desirable level.

OVERWEIGHT is our country's Number One health problem today. In fact, it is estimated that there are about 2 million Canadians who are burdened by excess pounds.

Medical authorities stress the health hazards of overweight more than ever before. The reason for this is simple:

Continuing studies show that overweight people do not live, on the average, as long as those who keep their weight at a desirable level. This is because excessive fat tends to increase a person's chances of possibly developing one or more diseases of the heart and blood vessels, diabetes, liver and gallbladder disease and other disorders.

Overweight may reduce physical efficiency and often is a serious handicap in the event an operation is needed, or an acute illness occurs. In addition, overweight is apt to place an unnecessary strain on many vital organs, especially the heart. It has been estimated, for example, that for every 20 pounds of excess weight, one's heart must serve about 12 extra miles of blood vessels.

So, it is important to keep a watchful eye on your weight and start reducing as soon as any unwelcome pounds appear.

Safe and sensible weight reduction

should always begin with a visit to your doctor. He will examine you and suggest what weight is best for you. His decision will be based, in part, on your height and age, as well as your bone structure and the kind of life you lead.

Nearly all cases of overweight are due to eating too much. There are various reasons for excessive eating—emotional difficulties, for example. Whatever the cause, the doctor can usually help you to develop a sound weight reduction program. This will usually include a properly balanced diet; one which will bring about the desired reduction slowly, usually at the rate of about two pounds a week, and also supply the body with the necessary protective food elements.

However, no diet will produce satisfactory results, unless there is a determined effort made by the patient to reduce.

With the doctor's advice and a firm resolution to cooperate wholeheartedly, an overweight person can usually attain the desired weight—at which he will look, feel, and act best. Remember that proper weight, in terms of everyday comfort and longer life, is worth whatever effort is required to achieve and maintain it.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
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**Metropolitan Life
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Please mail me a free copy
of your booklet, 33L,
"Overweight."



Name.....

Street.....

City.....

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The bride wrote the wedding music!



When Joan McLean and Barry Sleigh of Vancouver stood at the altar, his heart swelled with pride at the music that filled the church—music Joan herself had composed! But Barry was even more adoring of Joan's lovely Woodbury complexion!

Joan admits she has cultivated her complexion as carefully as her talent for music. Since her teens, she's been faithful to her daily Woodbury Soap facial. No wonder she has the silken-smooth, dew-kissed complexion every girl dreams of!



Her French embroidered organdy gown was the perfect frame for her delicate face. Joan knows her delicate complexion needs Woodbury care. For no other soap has the beauty-cream ingredient Woodbury has!



The beauty-cream ingredient, blended into Woodbury Soap, is intended to help replace natural oils you wash away. See how gently Woodbury's lather cleans your skin... facial and bath size, alike! Try it today.

(MADE IN
CANADA)



Woodbury Facial Soap

with the Beauty-Cream Ingredient
... for "the skin you love to touch"



By JUDITH ROBINSON

From Merrie England
to Massey

EVERYBODY HERE more or less Canadian?

Good. Now we can all forget it and go on to something else.

Anything else. Art, soup, the bugs on the begonia; anything. Our national self-consciousness have been worked far too hard lately. What they need is a nice rest before National Book Week catches up with them late this month.

For when it does they will be put to the jumps again and so shall we. Prodded from sea to sea; lectured, admonished and inspirationally addressed; be-Massey-reported and be-Gallup-polled; hanged, drawn and denounced for not being more Canadian.

But things are quiet around here still. The nationalistic company of the apostles hasn't turned the corner of the street. The wise boys with the Pre-Cambrian shields have not started their war cries. We can all sit a little longer, each in the slack of an unpressed skirt and be our mere selves, the unworthy heirs of the ages.

In the year of the great Armada, the twenty-ninth of the first Elizabeth, there were in the whole world hardly five million people who understood English. To the population of England, estimated for defense purposes in 1588, add for good measure a few score thousand Lowland Scots and Welsh of the Marches. Call it five millions; about one third the present population of Canada. Of that number not more than one in five could read the English he spoke. And, readers and non-readers together, a hundred and fifty thousand people at most lived in London, the centre of English literacy.

It will be seen that, among the subjects of Elizabeth I, ground for a national book week must have been sadly cramped. It will be seen how narrowly limited at that time was the appreciation in England of English literature. Even after the Armada was destroyed and with it the threat to English writing, literary appreciation

spread slowly through the country. It did not keep pace with the growth of writing. It couldn't very well. The roads were too bad.

England had then, to put a contemporary document, called the Massey Report, in the past tense:

... an important number of writers... all finely gifted, who, if their work had been sustained by greater interest and sympathy in their own country, might have succeeded in giving to its literature the stimulus which had hitherto been lacking.

Alas for the finely gifted and their hope of giving English literature a lift while being sustained. In England then, as in Canada thus far, they had to get along and do the best they could with no well-planned sustaining program. Their handicaps, like those of our own important writers, were many and material. They were also topographical. Given the state of the roads and the annual rainfall, the contours of sixteenth century England were at least as unsuited to the spread of literary interest and sympathy as those of twentieth century Canada.

Time is the only measure of distance when words are the travelers. By that measure the odd few literate Elizabethans living in Cornwall or Northumberland were a good deal farther from the small London of 1588 than St. John's, Nfld., is from Vancouver, B.C., in the great Canada of 1953. A literary stimulus must then have taken more time to travel from Bankside in Surrey, say, to Stratford in Warwickshire than it would take now to go from University Avenue in Toronto to Aklavik in the Yukon.

So far as the English writer was concerned the material and numerical odds against creation and communication in England were heavy in post-Armada years. By book week and Massey Report standards they were heavy indeed for the cultural environment left much to be desired. Nothing written,

not even a *Keep Out Of The Deer Park* sign, stood the slightest chance of being read by more than two in ten of the writer's fellow-countrymen. The other eight didn't know how to read. To use the words of the Report already quoted (Chap. XV, Sec. IV, Pt. I, Literature Point 16) calling such an environment at least *indifferent* should not be unfair.

Moreover, like his fellows today, the Elizabethan writer of three hundred and sixty-some years ago suffered (Massey Report, Point 18) from the fact that he was not sufficiently recognized in the national life. He needed (Point 18 again) to be given a sense of importance in his environment. *Isolation* (ditto ditto) prevented him from making his full contribution (full stop).

Coming to it point by point that way makes you wonder how the first Elizabethans produced anything. Yet, as a matter of history, they didn't do bad stuff. Take, for example, one insufficiently recognized horse-holder who had begun to write experimental English in London at the time the Armada came.

The seven years after it went—1589-96—were not too good for him. He had to turn his hand to any sort of thing: chronicles, rewrites, dedications, masques, light verse. Yet among the hack work he did some pieces that were good. *Romeo and Juliet* was one and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* another: *Richard II* and *Richard III*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Venus and Adonis*, and a double handful of sonnets that are still as young as youth itself.

The product, of course, suffered inevitably from the ills already reported; the producer from a lack of anybody to tell him he was not (still Point 18) an integral part of his environment. Yet taking one century with another his stuff has worn well.

No Worries About "Integration"

The question is how much better it might have worn, or worse, if recognition, integration, a sense of importance and all the rest of the outfit had been waiting ready made for young Will Shakespeare when he first hit Bankside. There seems to be little doubt that he suffered while he lacked them and no doubt at all that he was not the only sufferer. Other good English writers, his fellows in poverty and craftsmanship, George Chapman and Christopher Marlowe among them, shared the conditions of work his young pride found hard and mean. As far as may be learned they did not, any more than he, worry about not being integrated in an environment. What they wanted were things with fewer syllables; rich patrons and better pay and more time to write. They suffered, lacking them, and wrote on.

The suffering shows yet in their work, but with a difference. In the best work it shows transmuted, not dark but bright.

Even at this distance it shows a clear and shining proof of something or other that wasn't in the Massey Report.

But that is beside all the Points. Forget it before it gets you into trouble. If you don't you may find yourself, one day when you should be working at being More Canadian, not doing any such thing. Not doing anything really, except sit in the slack of your old skirt again, wondering . . .

Wondering for instance whether, after all, the fault, dear Brutus, could be, not in a *hostile cultural environment* (Point 16), but in ourselves. *

Slim your Easter figure like this...



Slim Suit!

Your new Easter suit is at its slender best! All-way stretching Playtex moulds you naturally, with exclusive all-way control to give you new slimmer dimensions!

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Your Sunday-go-to-meeting frock takes on a new air—thanks to your new Playtex figure! Fabric-Lined Playtex slims you naturally—without a seam, stitch or bone!

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Be as daring as you wish, Playtex trims your figure from waist to thighs—fits invisibly, even under sleekest clothes, pampers you with cloud-soft fabric next to your skin!

...FEEL AS FREE AS THIS!



With the fabulous Playtex Fabric-Lined Girdle

you can have an "Easter-Parade" Figure every day in the year, with every costume you own! For Playtex combines figure-slimming power with complete comfort and freedom of action as no other girdle can. Made of all-way stretching latex, with a fused-on fabric lining, it's as resilient as your own skin—and it washes in seconds, dries in a flash!

Invisible

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REGISTERED TRADE MARK

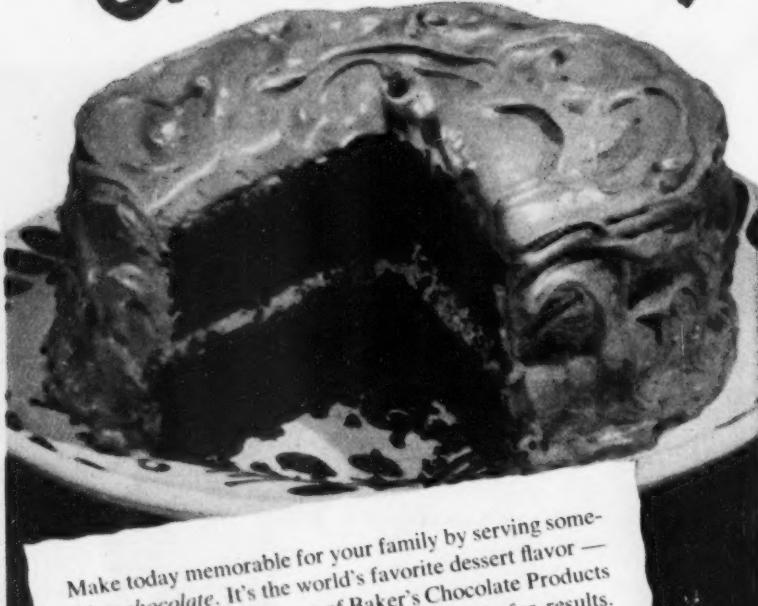
Fabric-Lined GIRDLES

PLAYTEX Fabric-Lined Girdles with four new adjustable garters, White Magic or Pink, \$8.50. Other Playtex Girdles, from \$4.50. At all department stores and better specialty shops.

PLAYTEX...
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girdle
in the
SLIM tube

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Make today memorable for your family by serving something chocolate. It's the world's favorite dessert flavor — when you make it with one of Baker's Chocolate Products — pure, full-flavored, rich, and so reliable for results.

MAPLE CHOCOLATE CAKE

Delicious and rich, made with Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate

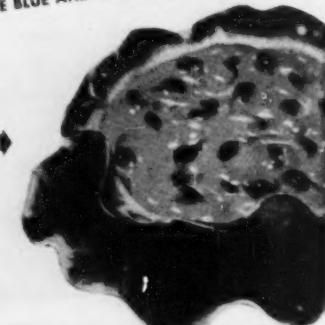
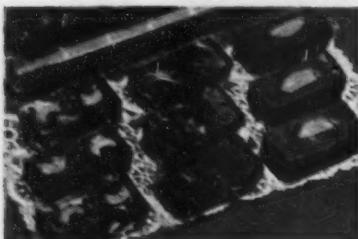
2 cups sifted Swans Down
Cake Flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
3/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup shortening
1 1/2 cups sugar
*1 cup milk with butter, margarine; 1 cup plus 2 tbsps. with shortening.
2 eggs, unbeaten
3 squares Baker's
Unsweetened Chocolate,
melted
Milk*

Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt; sift three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually; cream together. Add eggs, one at a time; beat well after each. Add melted chocolate; blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Turn into two deep 9-inch layer pans, lined on bottom with paper. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Fill and frost with maple flavored brown sugar 7-minute frosting. Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate — THE BLUE AND YELLOW PACKAGE

Add chocolate delight to puddings

Take your favorite pudding powder — Jell-O Butterscotch is extra good this way — and when slightly cooled, fold in Baker's Chocolate Chips. 'S wonderful! Baker's Chips are so even in size, so smoothly rich. Best for all chocolate chip cooking.

THE CHIPS IN A CARTON



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THE RED AND YELLOW PACKAGE

BAKER'S

UNSWEETENED CHOCOLATE
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CH-313M

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FASHION



Rosemary Boxer and Lily Daché swap hat talk. Rosemary tries on Daché originals and hears about the Dutch cap (see below).

Memo from Rosemary

Just-before-springtime always finds me on my way to New York for the glamorous garb-fest they call Fashion Week. Unlike European fashion openings, where custom costuming holds sway, New York is alive with the push and fervor of mass production. For seven days Seventh Avenue looks like a bustling open-air department store with racks of garments and bolts of fabric being wheeled from building to building. Models scurry from showroom to showroom, trademark hatbox cases slung over their arms. The woman scribbling frantically in a little book is probably a fashion reporter from Texas or Montreal. She won't be able to cover it all any more than I can, but here are the highlights of fashion for spring and summer, 1953 . . .

It's the Tomboy Look . . . say New York's designers. Coat shapes are thinning down. Short, loose jackets over slim skirts, called *soul-mates*, are popular for daytime. Necklines dominate the new test-tube-slim silhouette, some just dropped enough to show strands of pearls — others like giant cuffs. Coats, suits and dresses cling everywhere but around the throat. New neckline fullness makes even loose coats seem to taper in at the hem like a wedge. Sleeves get a new *outgrown look*. Silk coats and suits rate high. There will be fewer three-piece wool suits and more dresses with jackets and silk coat-dresses.

The Coronation Influence . . . is sweeping the U. S. Evening ensembles, vests and even bathing suits are elaborate with embroidery, lace, ruching, beading, cutwork, and metallic thread.

Call it a Whimsy . . . but it's the old Mae West feather boa, back again at Hattie Carnegie's and John Frederic's. *Red hair* is fast eclipsing the blonde and brunette in popularity. Hair styles are still short. *Stoles and shawls* literally swathed the collections in every fabric and color imaginable, looking exactly like the old throws they used to drape over pianos. The golden *gypsy earring* was worn with everything.

Lily Daché . . . treated me to a private look at some of her latest millinery creations. Her hats, like those of other New York hatters, showed her marked preference for the small shape — *little caps* all ablaze with ribbons, flowers, velvet appliqués, straw trim, raffia and some even trimmed with wood. The Dutch creation she's holding in the picture above was fashioned to celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of city government in New York (New Amsterdam) by Peter Stuyvesant.

On my nights off . . . I saw President-elect Eisenhower walking across the Waldorf lobby . . . Beatrice Lillie dashing in out of the rain . . . At the Metropolitan Opera close to a million dollars worth of jewels on five glittering models wearing Jacques Griffe originals. Gowns were flown from Paris by the U. S. jewelry industry. The models were escorted by rugged and camera-shy Pinkerton detectives.

GREAT NEW KITCHEN IDEA!

the Decorator Refrigerator

by International Harvester



Takes just 7 minutes—

and 1 1/4 yards of fabric—to give your kitchen an "all new" look. For a change of pace, you can leave the fabric off and still have the most beautiful refrigerator you can buy; with handy foot-pedal door control and a handsome plastic push-plate.



Here's the inside story—

It takes 7 different "climates"—from 6° to 55°—to keep all foods in prime condition. You get all 7 of these essential areas of cold (all working at once) in the new IH Decorator Refrigerators—plus Push-button automatic defrosting and many other exciting features for '53. See the newest of the new—now—at your IH dealer's. You'll find his name in the yellow pages of your phone book.

Revolutionary new idea enables you to make your refrigerator a feature of your kitchen decoration. Match it with your curtains—blend it with your color scheme. Use any pattern—any color fabric you choose. And you can change it as often as you change your mind!

International Harvester Refrigerators Available for 60 Cycle Areas Only

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*a Fashion First
exclusive with*

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

International Harvester Company of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario . . . International Harvester also builds Home Freezers . . . McCormick Farm Equipment and Farmall Tractors . . . International Trucks . . . "Big Red" Crawler Tractors

BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING PAGE



HOMEMAKING HINTS are always helpful . . . so let me tell you one of my favourite time-savers. Before washing or dry-cleaning curtains or drapes, tack each one with a different colored thread . . . then make a list of your markings, including right and left sides of the windows. This eliminates trial-and-error hanging of each pair of drapes . . . for you'll know exactly where they belong.

WANT TO DO ME A FAVOR . . . and *yourself* one, too? Then get a package of KNOX Unflavored Gelatine and try the 4 envelopes of Gelatine and 4 of the recipes in the package . . . that's a good way to prove to yourself something I learned long ago. And that something is this . . . KNOX is the *real* Gelatine that produces four different, more delicious salads, desserts and main dishes from each package . . . at a big saving in both time and money. KNOX is the world's leading unflavoured gelatine and is made from scientifically selected bone stock . . . is all protein with no sugar. What's more, my own experience proves that it means surer success with every recipe . . . is well worth the slight extra cost. And KNOX dishes are so-o-o good for you . . . provide the health-giving protein, minerals and vitamins you don't get in factory flavoured brands. So be sure you shop wisely . . . always *insist* on KNOX Unflavored Gelatine. You'll be as delighted with it as I am . . . I know!



WORDS FAIL ME when I try to describe my new WESTINGHOUSE Frost-Free Refrigerator . . . for it's really like a dream come true! That's because it supplies *every* type and degree of cold you need to keep food at the peak of freshness and tastiness . . . as well as freezing you of the troublesome, time-consuming job of defrosting. That's right . . . it defrosts itself . . . *automatically*! Does it only when needed, too . . . you never have to give it a thought. I'm not exaggerating . . . frost never gets a chance to form on the freezing unit or in the big, roomy Freeze Chest . . . which means you *always* have perfect refrigeration. All your food is kept at the *right* temperature, and frozen foods *stay* frozen . . . without any attention whatever! Furthermore, its *low cost* of operation is another reason why it's such a joy to own a WESTINGHOUSE Frost-Free Refrigerator. See it soon . . . at your Westinghouse Dealer's.



YOUR WISH COMES TRUE . . . for at last there's *one* white flour that's right for *all* baking! It's OGILVIE 4-Way Vitamin-Enriched Flour and it's really the *only* white flour you need . . . whether you want to bake fine pastry, fluffy cakes, fresh white bread, fancy sweet rolls or all four. Just think . . . you no longer need to keep two or three kinds of flour on hand. New OGILVIE 4-Way Vitamin-Enriched Flour is perfectly milled and scientifically blended to assure success with *all* your baking . . . *every time*! This amazing modern flour also means low-cost protection for your family's health . . . because it's enriched with iron plus three important B Vitamins: thiamin, niacin and riboflavin. Do try it!

FREE . . . Master Baking Recipes for bread, cakes, pastry and sweet rolls . . . which can be used in any number of ways with variations and additions of your own. I think they're wonderful and you will, too . . . so write Nancy Sasser, 50 King St., W., Toronto, for yours today!



I LOVE TO TRAVEL . . . especially when I go by TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES. It's one of the really *great* air lines of the world . . . with an enviable record of dependability! And it provides a modern, all-year-round transportation service . . . you can fly coast to coast across Canada, over the border to important U. S. cities and overseas to Britain and Europe. Summer's only hours away from a cold Canadian winter, too . . . thanks to TCA's fast and frequent flights to Bermuda and the Caribbean. And I can assure you that TCA Captains are among the best in the air . . . every one has flown over a *million miles* with Skyliners. I also salute the other men and women of TCA . . . for whether their job is on the ground or in the air, each contributes to your comfortable, reliable, economical air travel . . . to the friendly, attentive service that has become traditional with TCA! So next time you plan a trip for business or pleasure, plan to go my favorite way . . . by TCA.



MY DESIGN FOR LIVING has always included *security* . . . which to my mind means *freedom* from danger and risk, care or apprehension. That's why I drive a HILLMAN MINX . . . for it gives you that wonderful feeling of security that comes from knowing you're *protected* by tough British steel all around, perfect visibility and brakes that stop when you want them to. Owning a HILLMAN MINX is like money in the bank, too . . . you get a good 35 miles to the gallon and oil expense, plus other upkeep, is almost nil. And, as a woman, the thing I like about the car is the easy way it parks. I get a pleasant surprise every time. By the way, if you're going to England or Europe, you can buy your HILLMAN MINX here, have it delivered promptly any place in Europe . . . then ship it home, freight-free. But whether you travel in Canada, or abroad, you'll love the neat, smart HILLMAN MINX. There's a Hillman dealer near you who'll be glad, I know, to show you all the features of this fine car.



SMOKING IS SUCH DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE . . . particularly if your cigarette is *mild* as well as flavorful. So let me say this . . . only a *fresh* cigarette can be truly mild. That's the reason I'm sure you'll like SWEET CAPS with cork tips . . . for they're rolled fresh and sold fresh. And this is important . . . because it means the mild, top quality tobaccos which go into SWEET CAPS are *always* mild! After trying all the other leading brands, I find that only SWEET CAPS give me the flavor and taste I want in my cigarette, too . . . delightful every puff-of-the-way. I also like their extra wide band of satin-smooth, genuine imported cork at the tip . . . it's so smart-looking and so smooth to your lips. But the most important thing of all about these cork tip cigarettes is that wonderful SWEET CAPS mildness that you're sure of getting all the time. In fact, SWEET CAPS with cork tips are something extra special . . . everyone I know who smokes them says so!



STEPHEN LEACOCK IS ONE OF MY FAVORITE AUTHORS . . . and I've just been re-reading his account of his embarrassing brush with old-time banks and bankers. It really was hair-raising . . . enough to scare the hardiest of men. But banks have changed since Mr. Leacock's celluloid-collar day . . . nowadays, bank people are genuinely *helpful*! Take our local branch of the BANK OF MONTREAL, for instance . . . the staff always seems so glad to see me . . . always so ready to help me in every way possible. They seem to realize that banking procedures can be confusing (to say the least!) to members of the "distaff" side, too . . . and they've cleared up my puzzlement about several points . . . without embarrassing me, either. And you'll be just as pleased with the B of M as I am . . . so why don't you visit your neighborhood branch and open an account soon. You'll find the people there so helpful, you'll really *enjoy* banking . . . at "My Bank"!

LISTEN, MOTHERS . . . for here's some wonderful news you may not have heard before. Now you can get a dozen CURITY Diapers for only \$4.95 . . . the same low price you paid before the trouble in Korea. And that is a *low* price for such *high* quality . . . because, as I've often told you, two dozen CURITY Diapers do the work of 3 dozen of other brands. The reason is this . . . CURITY Diapers are made of a special Layette-cloth with a surgical weave . . . which makes them amazingly absorbent and soft as a caress. And they're ABC-easy to wash . . . dry in "no" time, too. Don't think I'm being too enthusiastic, either . . . for CURITY Diapers are endorsed by mothers, medical authorities and hospitals. But only seeing is believing . . . so let me send you this:

SPECIAL SAMPLE . . . that will give you proof-positive that CURITY Diapers are truly much better for baby and for you! It's yours almost as a *GIFT* . . . just mail 25¢ to Nancy Sasser, 50 King St., W., Toronto. Sorry . . . only one diaper to a family.

YOU KNOW BEST what's *best* for your baby . . . but I would like to remind you that a baby's skin is *thinner* than a grown-up's . . . it chafes more easily and can be injured sooner. That's why I think it's wise to bathe baby with BABY'S OWN SOAP . . . and follow with a soothing application of BABY'S OWN OIL and BABY'S OWN POWDER! I always do that . . . for these three products are made by *specialists* especially for babies . . . contain all the *right* ingredients to protect your baby's *thinner* skin from harm. First of all, BABY'S OWN SOAP is not only wonderfully *mild* and *gentle*, but is enriched with bland, soothing Extract of Lanolin . . . a highly concentrated form of pure Lanolin that's so like the natural skin oil it helps guard against chapping, chafing and irritation. And the pure antiseptic OIL is also enriched with protective Lanolin . . . while the POWDER is made from the finest imported Italian Talc. So give your baby BABY'S OWN 3-step protection . . . *every day*!

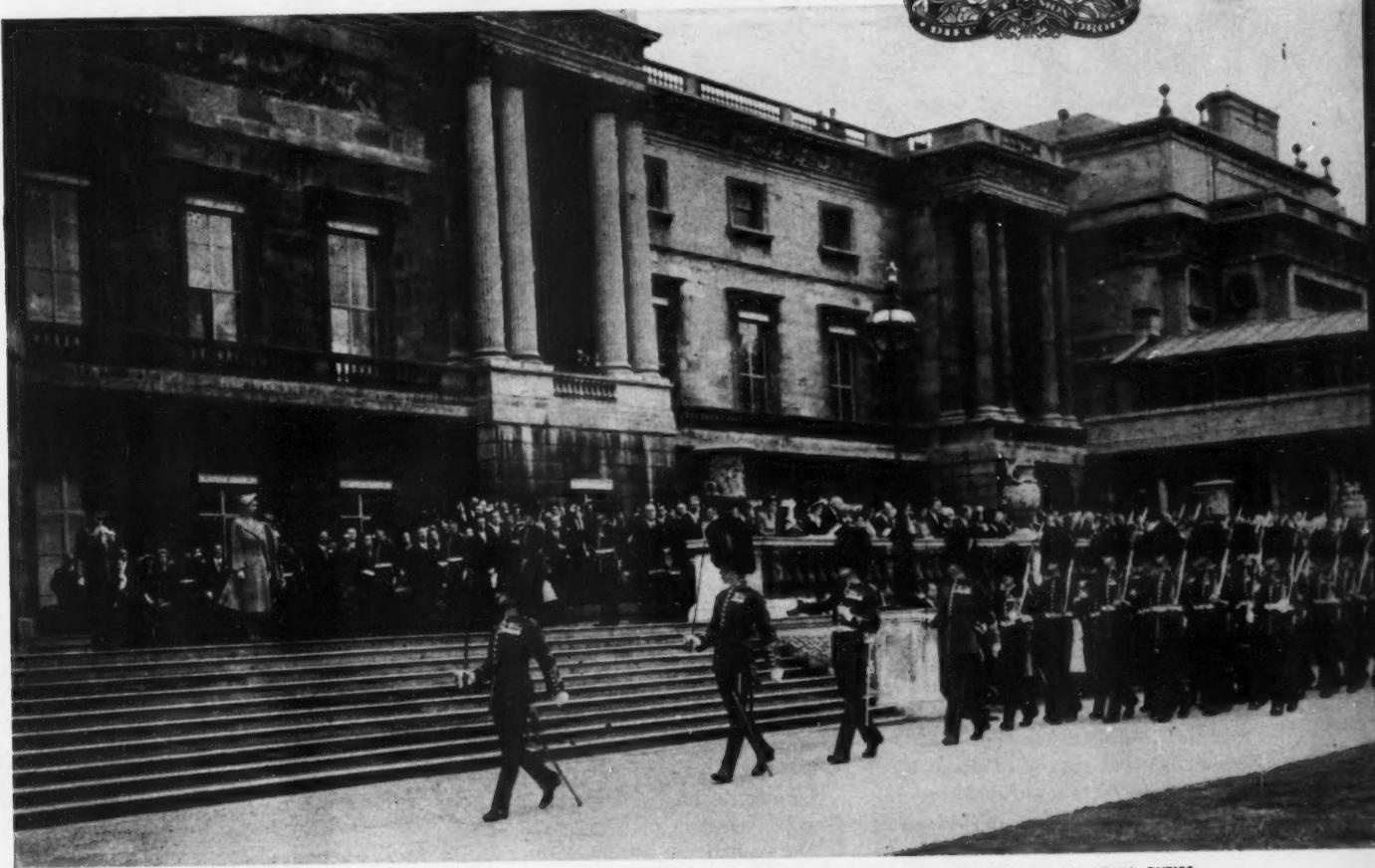
ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN . . . my cue to suggest you check your medicine cabinet and see that it's well stocked with first aid needs. And, in my opinion, one of the most essential of these is "LYSOL" Brand Disinfectant . . . for it has proven antiseptic qualities which quickly sterilize cuts, scratches, bruises and skin abrasions! "LYSOL" Brand Disinfectant can help prevent infection from spreading through the family, too . . . so use it to wash the sickroom floor, wood-work, basins and utensils . . . then soak the patient's garments and bedding in a "LYSOL" solution before laundering them. In fact, it's smart to put "LYSOL" Brand Disinfectant in *all* your cleaning water . . . because it kills germs while it cleans. For other tips that will help you protect your family, get this:

FREE BOOKLET called "First Aid and Sickroom Guide" . . . for it shows you over a dozen ways to treat those sudden household emergencies! It's truly invaluable . . . so write Nancy Sasser, 50 King St., W., Toronto, for your copy . . . today!

THE THIRD OF AN EXCLUSIVE CHATELAINE SERIES



MILLER SERVICES



AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE QUEEN'S VAST, DRAUGHTY LONDON HOME AND OFFICE, HEADQUARTERS FOR MOST OF HER ROYAL DUTIES.

THE THREE LIVES OF OUR QUEEN

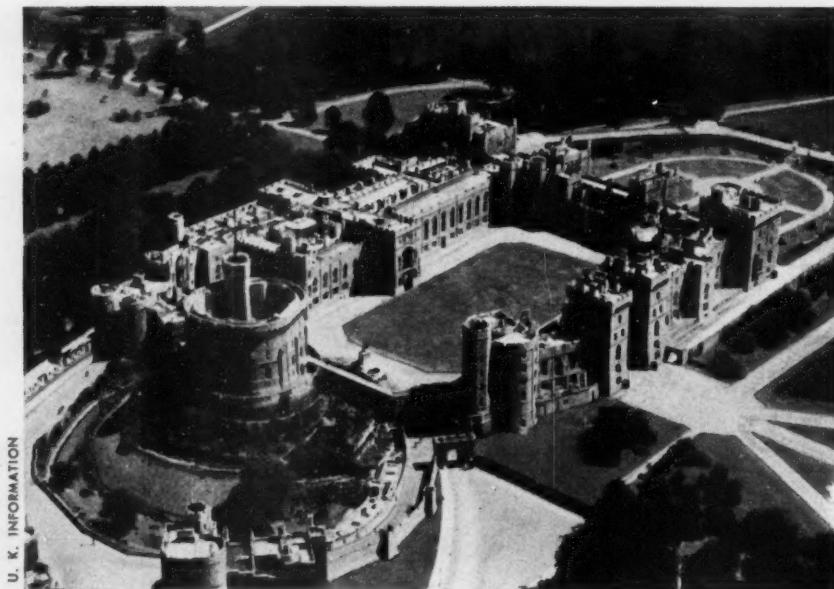
BY HECTOR BOLITHO

Encircled by the shades of her ancestors, reminded at every step of the turbulent history enacted within their ancient halls, the Queen's life is patterned by each of her royal homes

EVEN THE MOST contented of us look out of our window now and then, and dream of a grander house than our own. When we pass a glittering mansion, we glance over our shoulder, comparing our own humble abode with the broad facade, and wondering over the splendor within. Perhaps this is a hangover from the books we read as children; from the golden days when every summer cloud was a castle, and the fire in the nursery grate assumed the shape of knights and dragons, and turrets of flame. (The horrible thought occurs to me that in these days of central heating, children are denied the adventures that lurk in a nursery fire.)

Kings and queens apparently suffer a different, almost perverse emotion: they look out of their splendid windows and yearn for simplicity. There have been many occasions when this yearning has become a sort of dotty eccentricity. When the Tsar Nicholas I stayed with Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle in 1844, he slept on a sack of straw—much to the surprise of the Court. Four months later, King Louis Philippe arrived and gave them a further shock by sleeping on a horsehair mattress, with a plank of wood underneath.

In less extravagant terms our own royal family has long shown a taste for simplicity; from *Continued on next page*



U. K. INFORMATION

Windsor, six centuries old, surrounds the Queen with splendor. She holds Ascot house parties in the Castle whose medieval dungeons once sheltered her from air-raids.

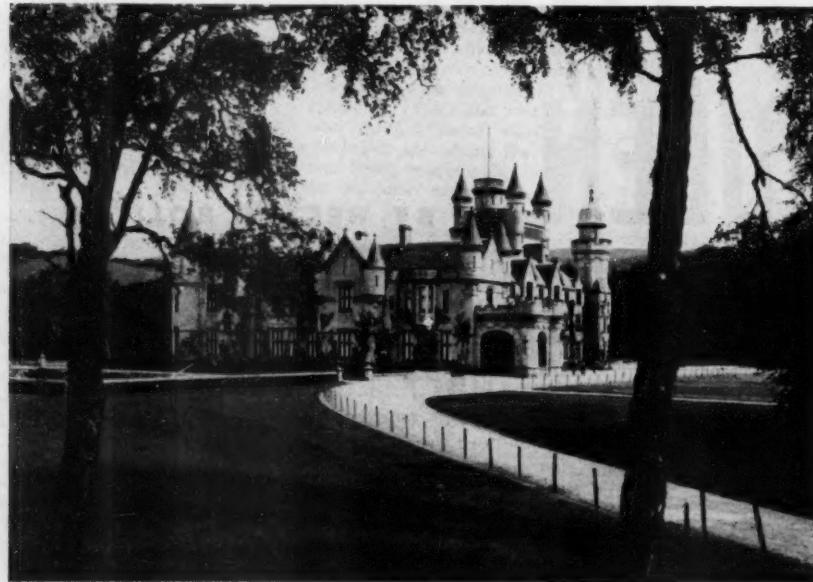
the days when Queen Victoria liked making incognito journeys in the Highlands, staying, unrecognized, at little inns, to the day in 1936 when the present Queen Elizabeth II—at the age of ten—was taken from the unpretentious home of her childhood in Piccadilly—since bombed—to live in Buckingham Palace. She asked if an underground passage might be dug so that she could go back to sleep in her old bedroom at night.

In thinking of the castles and palaces that Queen Elizabeth inhabits, we must therefore realize that within them she creates her own pattern of simplicity—the simplicity that she enjoyed under the influence of her father who was once seen, leaning one foot on a spade in the rose garden of a cottage near Cranwell, near enough for the old gardener to hear him say, half aloud, "Oh, I'm loving this freedom."

One must relate the Queen to Buckingham Palace, Sandringham, Windsor Castle and Balmoral in practical terms, realizing that each of these great houses serves a different purpose in her life.

We might say that Buckingham Palace is the headquarters or administrative office of the monarchy. Here the great pattern of duties is organized, with a quickness and common sense that would put many a tycoon of industry to shame.

Sandringham is less easy to define and up to now this ugly, comfortable house does not seem to be part of Queen Elizabeth's life. With Windsor, we spread our thoughts across ten centuries. The castle is the shrine of the Queen's history. It was first built in an age when men still thought the world was flat and that they would tumble off the edge if they sailed too *Continued on page 34*



Balmoral, built for Victoria, is the Highland home where the Queen and her family spend happy holidays, shooting on the grouse moors and salmon-fishing in the Dee.

THAT FAMOUS PHOTO NOW IN FULL COLOR



Charles Dawson, the London photographer who took the picture.

Never before has a news photograph captured the imagination and affection of so many people in quite the same way as this picture of the Queen, taken as she rode in the Irish State Coach with the Duke to open Parliament last November. Here it is reproduced in full color for framing for the first time.

British United Press, whose staff photographer Charles Dawson took the shot with his Speed Graphic from ten feet at 1/400th of a second at f/100, have sold fifty thousand prints to publications from France to Fiji. In Britain itself almost every newspaper used it except the dignified Times, which uses few photos, and the Daily Worker which has its own prejudices of another kind.

Mr. Churchill asked for two enlarged copies, one of which was believed to be intended for the Queen herself. More than three thousand private citizens ordered copies, some of them addressing their requests to "the wonderful man who took that wonderful picture of the Queen."

When Dawson, whose grandfather was official court photographer to Queen Victoria, subsequently went to Balmoral to take the Queen's picture after her Christmas broadcast, Her Majesty talked to him about the picture which won the British News Picture of the Year award. Both Her Majesty and the Duke liked it "very much" and had speculated as to just where it had been taken. The Queen had guessed correctly that it had been taken as the carriage passed the Horse Guards Parade. The Duke who was actually sitting nearer to the camera was obscured by one of the pillars of the coach. The Flexichrome process by which Chatelaine brought the famous picture to full color is a relatively new technique in which skilled artists using special dyes recreate vivid reality.



Chatelaine Magazine

March, 1953

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II

CUT HERE FOR FRAMING ➤



By Ken Johnstone

HOW DO YOU RATE WITH YOUR HUSBAND'S BOSS?

*You can help your man's career
and you can also get him fired*

WHETHER YOU LIKE the idea or not you are under scrutiny and the kind of a woman you are can have an important, even fateful, effect on your husband's business career. For, under our modern way of life the Tribe has in effect been replaced by the Company and the approval of authority in the form of the Boss becomes as important as the pleasure of the Chief once was.

I've been talking to key men in sixteen of Canada's largest corporations, employing close to a quarter of a million, and they all admit to a lively interest in the kind of wives their up-and-coming and senior employees have. In some firms this interest is casual to paternal; in others it is inquisitive to possessive and has even been known to arouse deep resentment in some of the wives under examination.

But the men I talked to all agreed that although the names of the wives do not appear they are indeed part of the Company's annual statement either as liabilities or assets. Which are you?

If you want your name to appear in black ink along with the other assets, it seems you should be adaptable, the kind of a wife who will take a transfer with a smile even though it means moving from a town and house you have come to love. You will have to be gregarious without being gabby. Discretion on the part of Company wives ranked high with the men I talked to.

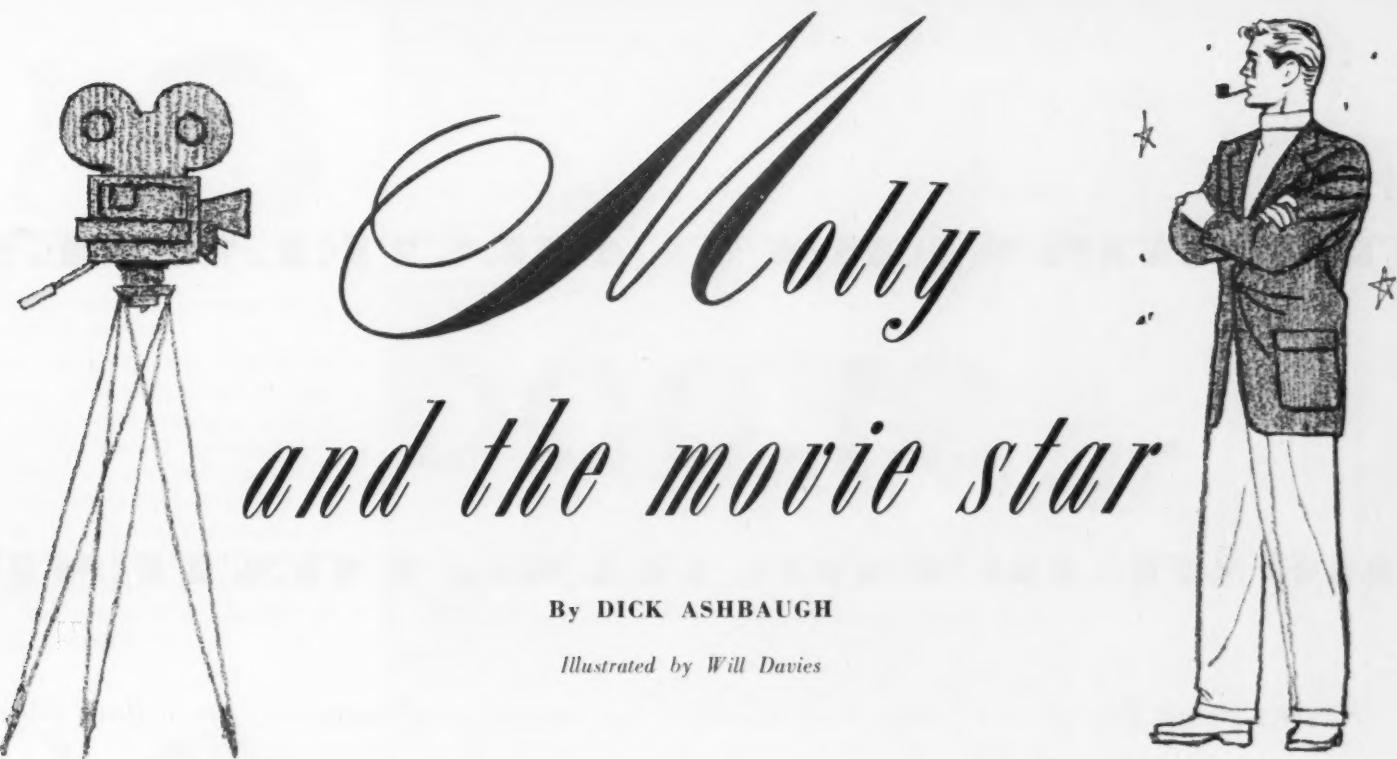
You should be attractively and stylishly dressed without looking extravagant or extreme; you should take an active part in community life without getting into embarrassing controversy. You should be a good hostess, a devoted mother, a friendly neighbor and it won't hurt a bit if you're lucky enough to be pretty.

It isn't likely, however, that you

Continued on page 68

At the telephone Helen was
going into a strange mixture. Her
eyes widened and a long exhalation
soft exhaled. "Yes," she gasped.





*If she could only capture the film hero to play a leading role
in her life, the Fair Fifteens would turn green with envy*

MOLLY KENNEDY lay in approximately the centre of the living room floor, her eyes slightly above ant level. Straight ahead her mother's slim ankles bobbed rhythmically, as she carefully culled the menus in the evening paper. To the left her father's elkskin loafers were planted firmly against the floor, the right one twitching a little as details of the latest tax bill filtered through his mind, numbing the cortex of his brain.

The room was inordinately quiet. Five minutes before, the elkskin loafers had given a convulsive twitch and a familiar voice barked, "For the love of heaven shut off that television set!" Reluctantly Molly pulled the switch on an aged Hollywood epic that had been retired with an honest profit years before she was born.

"Fourteen," declaimed Molly suddenly, "is a dangerous age."

Her mother tipped one corner of the paper. "How dangerous?"

"You have no idea what goes on in my mind," Molly said hollowly. "It's positively terrifying."

"Hm'm," said her mother. "Finish the dishes."

Molly slowly revolved on her elbow, pulled herself to her knees, and did the top half of an arabesque. The phone rang and the arabesque dissolved into a flying leap.

"Tootsie! How are you, doll? I was hoping you'd call. What's new?"

Her father groaned. "They just finished talking twenty minutes ago. Where's the kid been—to the moon?"

At the telephone Molly was going into a strange seizure. She turned slowly, clutching at the desk for support. Her eyes widened, her cheeks puffed out, and a long ecstatic sigh escaped. Slowly she collapsed into the desk chair, her free arm crashing limply at her side. "No!" she gasped. "Oh, no!" Softly she hung up the phone.

Her father gave an involuntary grunt of surprise. "Well," he said, "that was the shortest one on record. Somebody cut the wire?"

"Tootsie had to hang up," said Molly. "She's so nervous she's almost bawling. And no wonder."

Her mother dismissed thoughts of a macaroni casserole—the family wouldn't touch it anyhow. "I have yet," she said, "to see that phlegmatic child reduced to tears."

"Mother! Tootsie's brother just called her from the paper. A Hollywood company is in town. They've been shooting scenes for 'Jet Squadron' at the airbase. I think I'm going to faint."

"Try to fall flat," said her father. "You're easier to pick up."

"Allan Dale is here," she breathed. "Imagine Allan Dale using the same sidewalks I've used for years."

"And the same traffic lights," said her mother. "And the same water works, and the same fire department. Pretty dreamy."

"It's sheer murder," said Molly. "I'd better call Ruth first and then faint." She looked thoughtful. "Maybe I'd better stay on my feet and start planning."

"You're planning nothing," said her mother, "until you finish drying the dishes and get your homework."

"But mother, we'll have to work fast. If we get the Teen Queens organized maybe we can corner Allan for autographs and stuff. The other clubs would simply turn green."

"A gruesome thought," said her mother. "The streets filled with chartreuse teen-agers. I imagine Mr. Hale would run like a rabbit."

"It's Dale, mother. Allan Dale. He's only made two other pictures but already he's the brightest new star in Hollywood's filament."

Continued on page 40

THE WINNERS IN CHATELAINE'S \$1,000 HOME DECORATING CONTEST

From Corner Brook to Comox you filled in forms, snipped samples, drew floor plans and explained how you overcame your problems—and now here are the winners

AS THE CLOSING date of Chatelaine's Home Decorating Contest drew near entries started coming into the office in big packing boxes. Two days were devoted to opening envelopes, then our judges, headed by Catherine Fraser, who conducted Chatelaine's Home Decorating Course, began to read the more than 1,200 entries from every part of the country. They all told the same enthusiastic story of Canadians keenly interested in making attractive homes, eager for decorating information and with well-thought-out plans for future furniture buying. After weeks of careful sifting the winners were finally chosen—a \$500 prize-winning living room in Montreal and a \$250 bedroom in Cliffcrest, near Toronto, with twenty-five winners of \$10 each from all parts of the country.

The entries told us readers' problems—space heaters in the middle of the living room, doors that banged against radiators, networks of water pipes weaving across the ceiling. They told how readers had applied the lessons of Chatelaine's seven-part Home Decorating Course

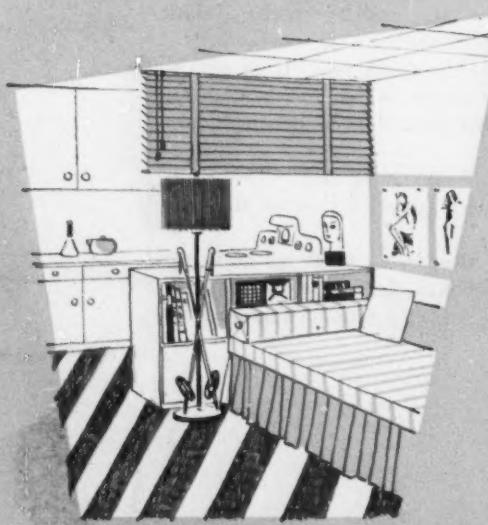
to overcome their difficulties with wise buying, skilful planning and the supplementing of small budgets with ingenuity and elbow grease. Some of the letters gave us a down-to-earth picture of our readers themselves: "I bought the new drapes for our living room with the money I saved walking to work last year" "I'm decorating my bedroom with the allowance my father gives me" "My five-year-old son loves red and no one could persuade him to have the walls of his bedroom any other color."

We learned that the males in Chatelaine households are every bit as keen on decorating as their wives. Four of our prize winners are men—two of them bachelors. A great majority of the entries from women showed that decorating is a partnership with the husband wielding paintbrush and hammer while his wife plies her needle and thread.

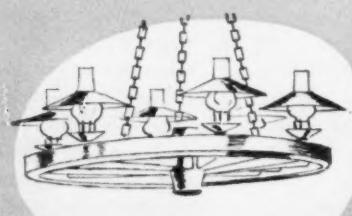
Wendy and Arnold Gibb, winners of the first prize of five hundred dollars are, like many of the contest

Continued on page 66

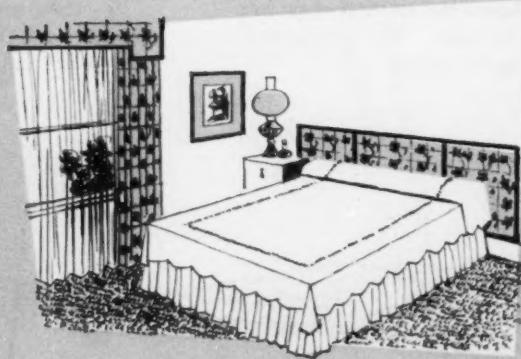
SIX CLEVER IDEAS YOU CAN USE FROM THE WINNING ENTRIES



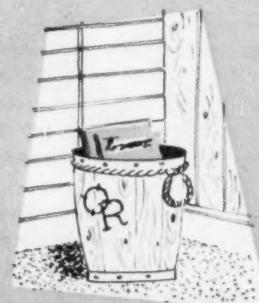
A Venetian blind used as a room divider. A lamp made from old ski poles.



Wagon wheel light fixture.



Fold-away table (below) moves along a rail on the wall, or hangs flat.



Branded nail keg for papers.



Left, bristolboard valance and headboard covered in washable wallpaper, framed in half round.

1



\$500

Mrs. Arnold Gibbs, 2101 University Street, Apartment 19, Montreal.

For the living room of a two-room apartment which is modern, light and lean on frills, with nothing so stylized that it will show up glaringly when furnishings are put to other uses. The judge awarded the Gibbs first prize because of "the uncluttered soundness of their thinking, skilful use of everyday things as accessories . . . the fact that money was limited in no way limited taste and imagination."

2



\$250

Mrs. Clive Peacock, 68 Glenmount Crescent, Cliffcrest P.O., Ont.

For a bedroom which happily "combines today's modern functional with yesterday's tried and true charm." Clive and Norma Peacock "created interest on one wall with a hand-painted leaf border, but wisely did not overpower the room with an all-over pattern." They bought new furniture wisely, and combined it with carefully selected second-hand furniture. The result—a room of great charm.



25 Winners of \$10 each.

Mrs. Ben Baker, 2420 Noury Avenue, Sillery, Quebec City . . . Miss Hermance Bernier, Apt. 104, 3500 Ridgewood Avenue, Montreal . . . Mr. Frank Casey, 300 Main Street, P.O. Box 283, Sturgeon Falls, Ont. . . Mr. Tom Coleman, La Salle (Windsor), Ont. . . Mr. Robert Coo, 53 Bertha Avenue, Regent Park, Toronto 13 . . . Miss Madeleine Croggon, 122 Glen Road, Toronto . . . Mrs. J. R. Davies, Trinity Church Rectory, Liverpool, N.S. . . Mr. George Fenyon, 1429 Bishop Street, Apt. 3, Montreal . . . Mrs. Robert Flood, 82 Taylor Street, Waterloo, Que. . . Mrs. H. A. Gardner, 291 Kerwood Avenue, View Royal, Victoria . . . Mrs. Theodore Haines, Cheltenham . . . Mrs. Patricia Hassett, 601-55 Avenue West, Calvin P.O., Calgary . . . Mrs. Stanley Hoare, P.O. Box 90, Stavely, Alta. . . Mrs. D. Lake, 111 Young Avenue, Halifax . . . Mrs. R. D. Laws, 2087 Riverside Drive, Ottawa . . . Mrs. William H. Mowat, 4530 Beverley Crescent, Vancouver . . . Miss Helen Perozak, Apt. 16, 279 Queen's Avenue, London, Ont. . . Mrs. John Pizak, Esterhazy, Sask. . . Mrs. F. Sharf, 380 Lawrence Ave. West, Toronto . . . Mrs. W. E. Sloan, P.O. Box 641, Port Dover, Ont. . . Mrs. W. J. Sloan, Ridgeway, Ont. . . Mrs. A. Doney Wilson, R.R. 1, Summerland, B.C. . . Mrs. J. D. Templeman, Corbyville, Ont. . . Mrs. Catherine Venables, Neepawa, Man. . . Mrs. N. Bartley Ward, Apt. 2, 1295 Maxfield Avenue, Sillery, Quebec City.



*The minister's wife was angry that these men
should sit in judgment. What else could she
have done?*

*You're very young,
Mrs. Barry*

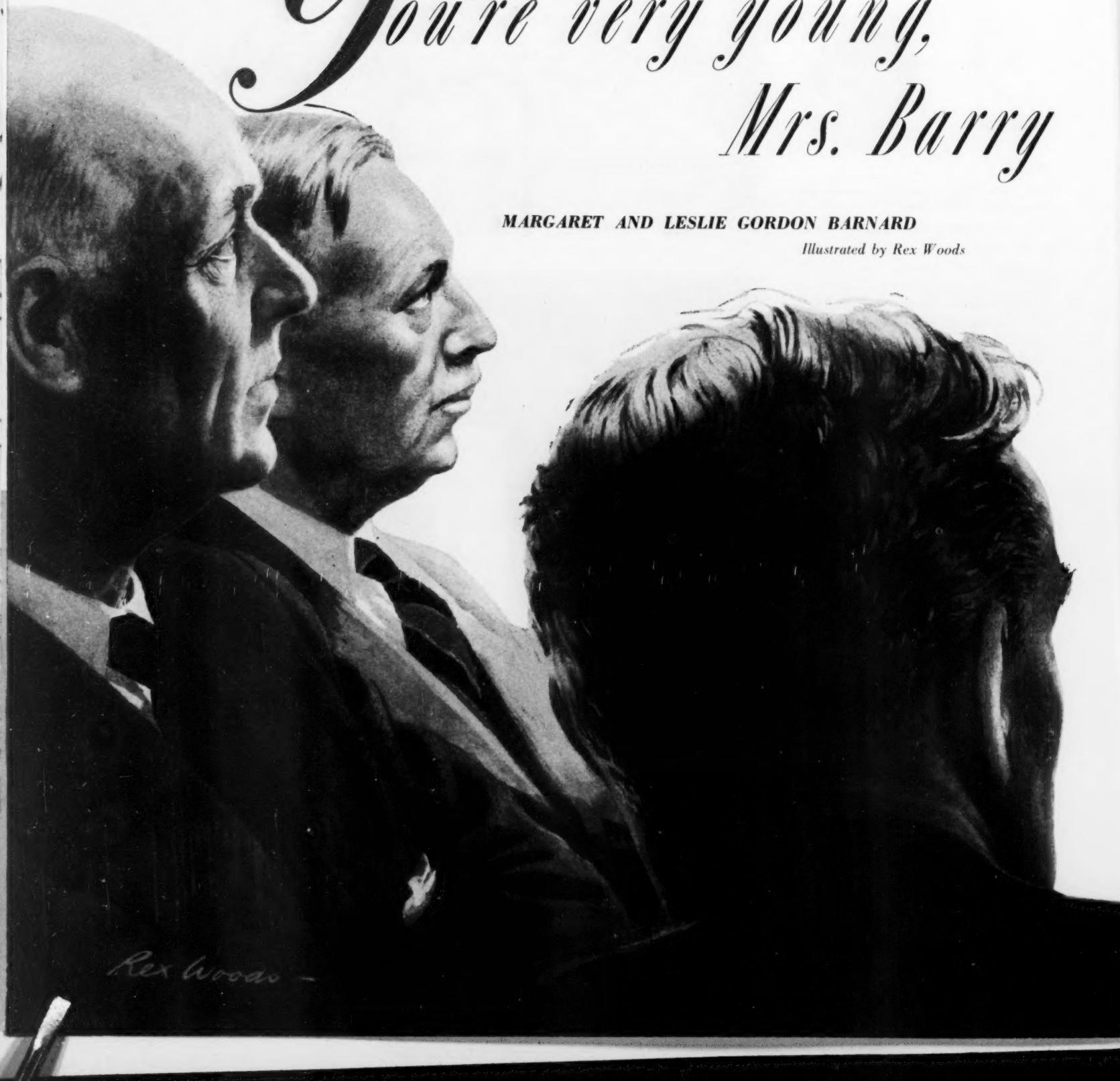
MARGARET AND LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

Illustrated by Rex Woods

HAT MORNING, that first Sunday morning just before they started out, Audrey said suddenly, "I'm scared." She was all ready to go, her saucily demure white straw cloche making a kind of halo around her face, her favorite trousseau dress of white silk with red coin spots giving out a whispering sound every time she moved. Chuck had one foot up on a kitchen chair going over his new shoes with a quite unnecessary polishing cloth, and her brief statement took him by surprise.

"Hey," he said. "That's my privilege. Today anyway."

"But you've already been looked over," Audrey said. "And you know the verdict, or you wouldn't be here. But it's my first official appearance as a minister's wife."



Rex Woods -

Chuck came over to grasp her by the elbows and smile down at her.

"So what? I picked the best there was."

She stood on tiptoe to kiss him. They talked lightly because they felt so deeply that this was the kind of moment one would always remember —The Reverend Charles Barry and his wife starting out together on their first Sunday in their first church.

The church was out toward the edge of town. The old sheds of horse-and-buggy days were still standing at the back, the soft purplish grey of their weathered boards blending with the pinkish red bricks of the church. Chuck ran his nineteen-forty-one model into the nearest compartment and they sat looking at each other for a tight moment.

Continued on page 47

Their remarks touched in Audrey a perverse loyalty to her sex.



LOCKWOOD HAIGHT



Families of *Chatelaine* Councilors voted first place to practical Salmon in Potato Crust (lower right). The tasty and simple Broiled Salmon Steaks with Parsley Sauce came second, while ever-popular Salmon Salad was third in order of preference.

SALMON

*Voted Canada's
favorite fish*

*by 2,000 *Chatelaine* Councilors who family-tested twenty
delicious Institute salmon recipes and put these ten on top*

*by Marie Holmes, *Chatelaine* Institute*

SALMON IS CANADA'S favorite fish—and here are the ten salmon recipes that rate tops in popularity in 2,000 Canadian homes.

We found out about salmon's overwhelming popularity when we asked Chatelaine's nationwide panel of Consumer Councilors what fish they served most often. When seventy-five percent of them said salmon (twice as many as voted for any other fish), we were so impressed we polled our councilors again asking them to help us select the salmon recipes that rate highest with Canadian families. And we asked them to do something we've never done before—*cook and serve* the most appealing dishes to their own families, and report the results back to us.

To each Councilor went a unique salmon cookbook, comprising twenty delicious recipes selected from hundreds by the staff of Chatelaine Institute after days of re-testing old favorites and trying out new variations. Councilors, as usual, were enthusiastic in their co-operation, and soon their reports were pouring in on this novel experiment to family-test Institute recipes before publishing them for the benefit of all readers.

First place went to Salmon in Potato Crust, an easy-to-prepare meal-in-one-dish, described by Mrs. Roy Robbins of Elmira, Ont., as "one of the best supper dishes we ever ate," and by Mrs. Victor Crook, Dominion City, Man., as "Wonderful! And so satisfying for a hungry man."

Second choice was Broiled Salmon Steaks with Lemon Parsley Sauce. This won the vote of Mrs. E. Conrad of Taber, Alta., because

she thinks that "the sauce gives the steaks just the right tang."

Third in line was the year-round favorite, Salmon Salad. "Already my family has asked for this twice for lunch," declared Mrs. B. F. Burton, Duhamel, Alta. And gratifying proof of the value of comments from many cooks, came in a suggestion from Mrs. C. C. Clark of Toronto who finds this recipe good not only for salad but for sandwich filling too.

You'll see the three top scorers photographed in color on the opposite page and find the recipes below. The other seven winners in order of Councilors' preference were Steamed Salmon Steaks with Egg Sauce, Salmon Cutlets, Salmon Rice Loaf, Baked Salmon with Caper Sauce, Salmon à la Queen, French Toast Salmon Sandwiches and Salmon Stuffed Potatoes. These recipes are on page 54.

Though not all could place first, each had its strong supporters. Mrs. G. Meuser, Leamington, Ont., said she finds Salmon à la Queen is "excellent for unexpected guests." The versatility of the French Toast Salmon Sandwiches was demonstrated by Mrs. H. Stevens of Calgary when she served them to her family for Sunday breakfast.

We hope our ten vote getters will all be welcomed by your family, too. And should you have the kind of family that clamors for salmon so enthusiastically you'd like to have *all twenty* of the recipes originally selected by Chatelaine Institute for distribution to our Councilors, a few copies of Chatelaine's Salmon Cookbook are still available. While they last, you may have one simply by writing to Chatelaine Institute and asking for it.

THESE THREE RECIPES TOPPED CHATELAINE'S POLL

No. 1—SALMON IN POTATO CRUST

2 tablespoons butter or margarine	2 cups cooked or canned salmon, flaked
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion	1/2 cup canned peas, drained
2 tablespoons flour	2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1/2 teaspoon salt	2 cups warm seasoned mashed potatoes
1/8 teaspoon pepper	1 cup milk
1 egg, well beaten	

Melt butter or margarine in top of double boiler over direct heat. Add onions and cook slowly until tender. Remove from heat. Add flour with seasonings, then gradually add milk. Heat over boiling water until thickened, stirring constantly. Add salmon, peas and parsley. Add beaten egg to warm potatoes and beat until light and fluffy. Line the bottom and sides of a 1 1/2 quart greased baking dish with a thin layer of potatoes (reserving enough to cover the top). Fill the centre with the creamed mixture. Then top with remaining potatoes and a few dots of butter or margarine. Bake in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 30 to 40 minutes or until pie is heated through and lightly browned on top. Serves 6.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

No. 2—BROILED SALMON STEAKS WITH LEMON PARSLEY SAUCE

2 pounds salmon steaks	4 tablespoons cooking oil or melted fat
Salt and pepper	

Cut salmon into 6 serving-size portions. Sprinkle both sides with salt and pepper. Place on preheated greased broiler pan. Brush with oil or melted fat. Broil about 2 inches from heat for 6 to 8 minutes or until lightly browned. Turn carefully, brush other side with oil and cook until brown or until fish flakes easily (6 to 8 minutes). Remove carefully to a hot platter. Pour Lemon Parsley Sauce over steaks and garnish with sprigs of parsley. Serves 6.

Note: 1. Frozen steaks may be cooked without thawing, but additional cooking time is necessary. 2. To cut steaks from frozen fish, allow to thaw in the refrigerator until defrosted sufficiently to cut in serving pieces.

Lemon Parsley Sauce

1/4 cup soft butter or margarine	2 teaspoons finely chopped parsley
1/4 teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon lemon juice

Few grains pepper

Combine ingredients; melt and heat over hot water.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

No. 3—SALMON SALAD

2 cups cooked or canned salmon	2 tablespoons tomato catsup
2 cups celery, finely diced	1/2 cup mayonnaise
1/4 cup green pepper, finely chopped	Lettuce Sliced olives

Flake salmon, removing bones and skin. Add celery, green pepper, catsup, mayonnaise and seasonings to taste. Mix lightly with a fork. Serve in lettuce cups, garnished with sliced olives and mayonnaise. Yield: 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

SPECIAL SALMON SALAD DRESSING

1/2 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing	1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 teaspoon lemon juice	1 tablespoon sliced olives
1/4 cup chopped pickle or cucumber	Few grains paprika

Blend all ingredients thoroughly. Serve with Salmon Salad. Makes about 3/4 cup.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Seven more recipes on page 54



AIRWOMAN GERALDINE CAMPBELL MET CPL. DOUGLAS STEAD WHEN HE WAS HER TECHNICAL INSTRUCTOR. THEY WILL MARRY THIS MONTH.

The Air Force puts romance

THE RCAF WOOS AIRWOMEN WITH SAMBA LESSONS AND FREE
WEDDING RECEPTIONS SINCE IT FOUND OUT HOW SEX APPEAL
BOOSTS MORALE. BESIDES — ONE GIRL DOES TWO MEN'S WORK

ONE DAY THIS week, in a white shingled wartime building outside the military-steeped old fort city of St. Johns, Quebec, fifty girls will sit down to a graduation banquet. It is a weekly ceremony and the protocol is firmly rooted. They will hear a valedictory address, receive a diploma, drink a toast in claret to the health of the queen and save their place cards for autographing by boy friends at the ball that follows.

AT WORK Gerry Campbell and fellow technicians cross the airfield by jeep (they call it a mule) to test plane instruments during an engine run-up.

INSIDE an aircraft hangar, Gerry makes a delicate instrument adjustment. She works alongside male technicians on the same job for the same pay.





OFF DUTY, Geraldine waits at Trenton railway station for her fiancé to arrive from Camp Borden. He visits her every week end.



DOUG proposed to Gerry last Christmas Eve, twelve weeks after she finished training. Airwomen can now stay in service after marriage.



GERRY and Doug are not disturbed by other couples in her Trenton barracks lounge where airwomen entertain beaus with beer and cokes.



IN A CAFE near the RCAF station at Trenton the lovers get a nickel's worth of their pet tune, "Don't let the stars get in your eyes."



WEEK-END leave over, Doug kisses Gerry good-by. "Out of Bounds" rule is lifted from six to ten when airmen meet their dates in a reception room inside.

e to work

by MAC REYNOLDS

PHOTOS BY PAUL ROCKETT

Yet this is no exclusive boarding school. This is the Royal Canadian Air Force. And the girls are simply another class of Canada's new peace-time airwomen graduating from basic training.

During these two months they have learned how to dance the Samba and how to make a wedding dress. They have been given a lingerie allowance and issued with deodorants. They have worn their civilian dresses, slacks and

jewelry off parade. Far from being cloistered, they have studied with airmen in lecture rooms, drilled beside them in the hangars and eaten with them in the mess halls. At advanced stations, where they are headed, their barracks will boast cosy beaus' rooms where the airmen may court them out of the rain. They are surely the most emancipated service women in history, for the Air Force has discovered that sex—the

nice kind, mind you—can do more for service morale than all the tumbling for physical fitness in the curricula.

This does not mean the RCAF are hanging chintz around the Sabre Jets yet and primarily airwomen are critically needed to man plotting boards at radar stations, to punch typewriters, drive trucks, pack parachutes and fulfil such other duties as will release airmen for operational duties. In these jobs requiring an affinity for routine and immunity to boredom, air force efficiency experts rate one airwoman as being worth two men. So even without the new-found impact of sex on the service it is safe to say that

EVERY airwoman rates a familiarization flight, but girl technicians like Gerry may look forward to instrument-testing flips as part of their job.



COFFEE break finds Gerry swapping shop talk with male techs. She and her roommate are the only girl instrument technicians in their section.



BARRACKS LIFE IS FREE
AND EASY, WITH COMFORTS
WARTIME WDs NEVER KNEW

Canada's three thousand peacetime airwomen are unchaining six thousand able-bodied men from their pencils and swivel chairs and allowing them to be channeled into more aggressive work.

Oldtimers still recall the mistrust and trepidation with which the RCAF recruited its first fifteen thousand airwomen to help it through World War II. The females were sternly assigned to a sort of lesser Air Force known as the Women's Division and at start were outfitted in uniforms and caps which seemed specially designed to cancel out all feminine charm. Veteran permanent force types, particularly commanding officers, took a dim and suspicious view of the WDs, the posting of women to each new station was a cause for official jimmams, and padres were dispatched to dispel naughty rumors among the civilian populace in each new area almost before these arose. But finally the girls worked and smiled their way out from under the forbidding clouds, were posted to remote bush stations and overseas with impressive rather than demoralizing results to morale, and finished the war in a blaze of glory. Then the Air Force ungratefully banished the WD from the service, presumably forever.

The Women's Division as such did vanish forever, for when the RCAF experienced its change of heart about women two years ago now it welcomed them back as equal partners at equal pay and with equal privileges. It even lets the new girls get married and stay on in the service.

How sex comes into the postwar picture as a revolutionary factor can be seen right at St. Johns, Canada's largest Air Force station with a usual complement of twenty-five hundred airmen and four hundred airwomen, where every airwoman receives her basic training.

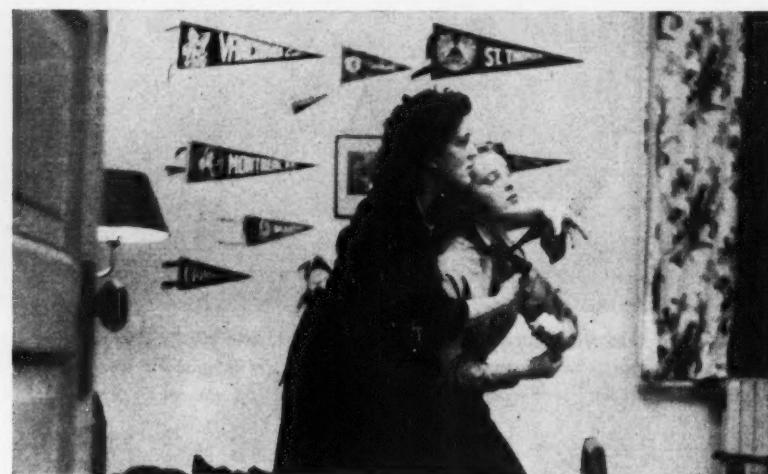
When the nucleus group of eighty airwomen arrived there on July 3, 1951, the all-male station had the usual stalag atmosphere and, with nobody around to work on their egos, the airmen were a little sloppy, a little bored and a little inefficient. Today, the station is as gay as a teen-town, humming with dances and juke-box coke bars, badminton, bowling and bridge. Tense young men poking their Buck Rogers helmets out of cockpits no longer symbolize the Air Force; that concept has been superseded by an airwoman in white issue gym shorts crying, "Anyone for tennis?"

Group Captain William Gerald Webber, commanding officer at St. Johns and once opposed to women in the Air Force, says: "The arrival of airwomen brought about an immediate improvement in airmen's deportment and a marked increase in their smartness off parade." The station's efficiency has improved, profanity and rough-house have almost disappeared, traffic has swung from wet canteens to milk bars, and instead of breaking desperately for the diversions of Montreal, an hour's drive north, airmen are staying in camp.

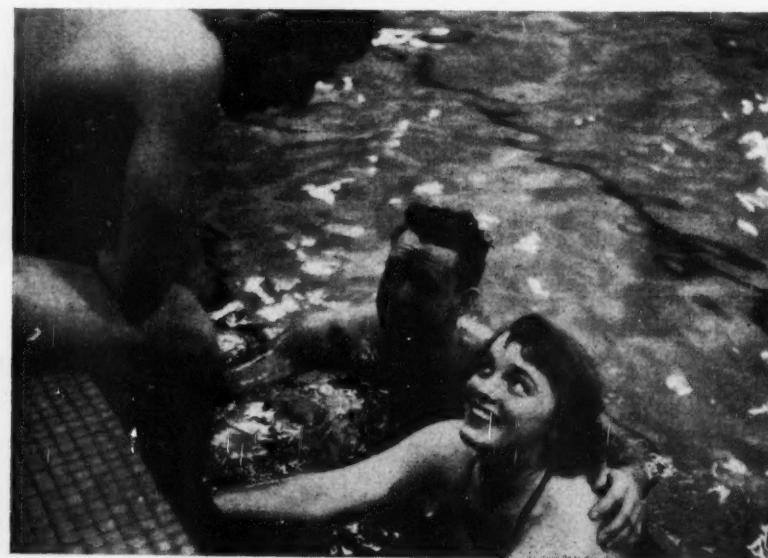
Although St. Johns has what is locally known as its Smoochers' Gulch, responsible for a respectable toll of poison-ivy cases in season, immorality of servicewomen—a pet topic among U. S. *Continued on page 63*



PYJAMA party can last till the small hours, but Gerry must be up by 6.30 a.m.



ROOMMATE Peggy Yates helps Gerry, who can adjust a gyro but can't tie a tie.



TRENTON has swimming pools for fun, chapels for worship — and weddings.





Tender *BEEF* and Tempting *VEGETABLES*

"THE SQUARE-MEAL SOUP"

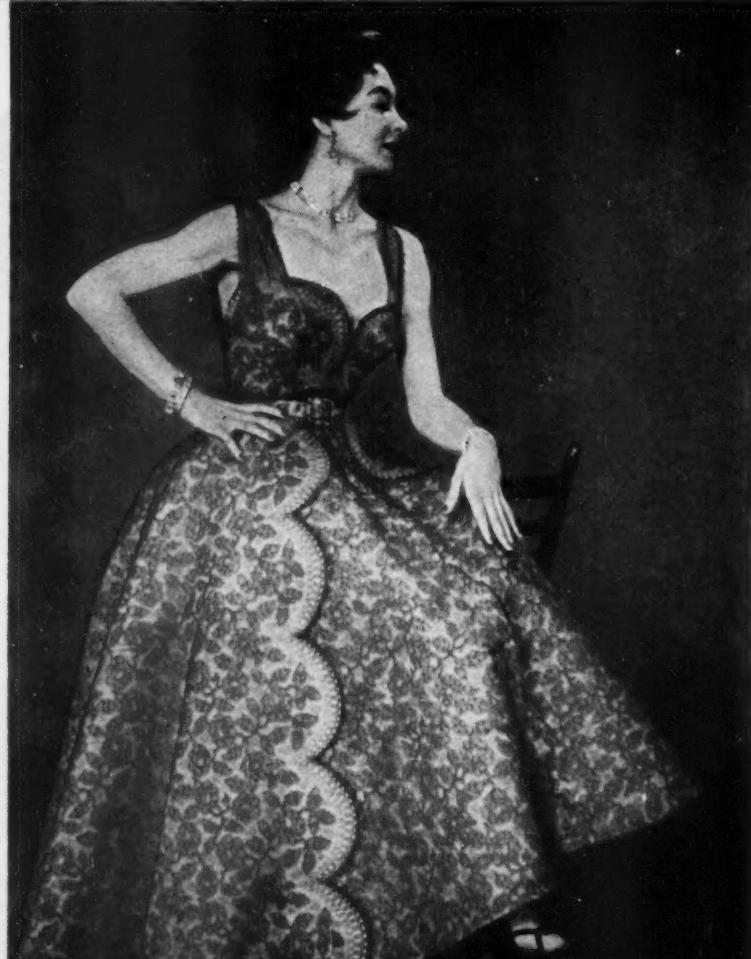


Right after play, each winter's day,
I join the family group
At meals built 'round a hearty dish
Like Veg'table Beef Soup!

Yes, from its glistening surface right down to the bottom of the bowl, this is truly a "square-meal" soup. In its hearty beef stock you'll find tender pieces of lean beef and lots of luscious vegetables. Your family will enjoy this old-fashioned meat-and-vegetable soup.

They'll especially welcome it these winter days. The menfolk go for it, and it's a "natural" for the children's lunch or for an early-to-bed supper. So keep it handy on your soup shelf. It'll serve you well at many a mealtime.

Campbell's **VEGETABLE BEEF SOUP**



THE CORONATION D

English Scarlet lace gets period treatment in this evening gown with camisole top and scalloped redingote-type skirt, by New York designer Nettie Rosenstein.



Ermine White shag evening coat by Originala of New York captures royal splendor with exquisite embroidery in French lame and oriental sequins.

Beige, beiger, beigest. Three-shade barrel jacket ensemble by Samuel Mintz, Montreal, makes the most of a favorite Coronation shade.



By ROSEMARY BOXER,
Fashion & Beauty Editor

N DECREES NEW ELEGANCE FOR SPRING

While Britain refurbishes the royal regalia, fashion designers harvest Coronation-inspired creations. Fabrics are suddenly ablaze with pageantry colors . . . forecast royal favorites are beige, scarlet and blue . . . jewel touches appear on daytime clothes, and the costume look reigns supreme . . .

ARNOTT & ROGERS



Knight's Blue with white abstract design, giving a frosted finish to this silk print dress with wide sailor collar, by Aljandri, Montreal.



Tartans will lend their blazing colors to the Coronation scene this year. Weskit, skirt and deep-fringed stole by Aljean Sportswear, Vancouver.

Regiment Stripes (below, left) spark this English worsted jacket over slim skirt. **MATCHBOX JACKET** (right) over all-round pleated skirt in all-wool slab tweed. Both suits by Jacob Crowley, Winnipeg.

Costume Dress (above right) in sapphire givrette by Lew Shedlock, Montreal. A haltered party-goer with removable short jacket for less formal occasions.

PAUL ROCKETT

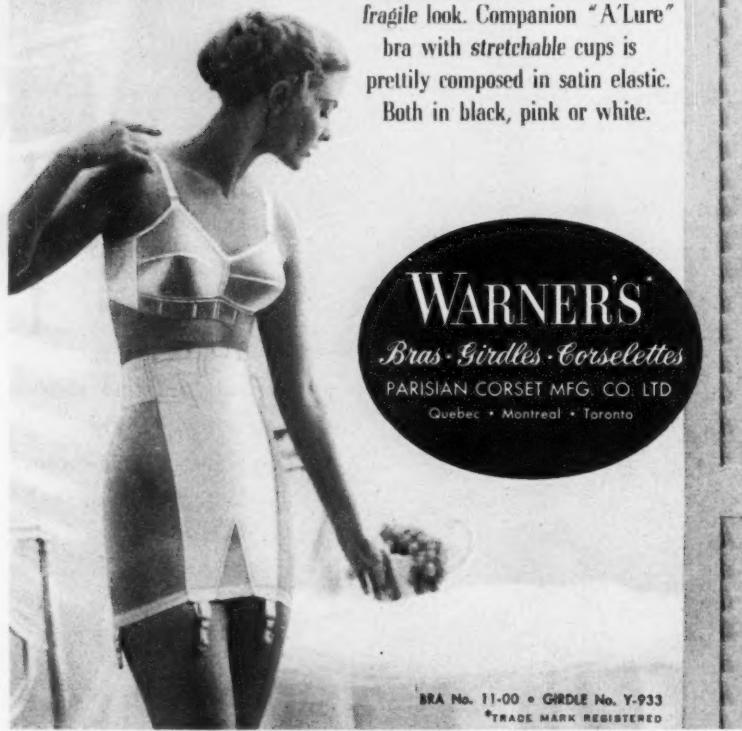


Continued on next page

CORONATION DECREES *continued*

*A smooth arrangement
can make your figure a hit, honey!*

Let Warner Wizardry make the most of your gifts! There's heavenly harmony between fabric and you in this Sta-Up-Top girdle... subtle waist-control for the fashionable fragile look. Companion "A'Lure" bra with stretchable cups is prettily composed in satin elastic. Both in black, pink or white.



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BRA No. 11-00 • GIRDLE No. Y-933
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A new GLENAYR Kitten Sweater for you

It's the new Kitten for Spring... with new baby rolled collar and matching cuffs... in exciting colour combinations. Like all Kittens it's Cashmere-treated super Lambswool... full-fashioned, hand-finished, guaranteed not to shrink, and is *moth-proofed* with MITIN for the life of the garment.

At \$8.95, \$7.95, \$6.95. Better stores everywhere.



Bolero-Stole dress in checked taffeta with crisp white pique collar and cuffs. Stole is reversible. Costume by David Taub, Montreal.



Tower Grey sheath dress completely tucked and lined. Novice collar and cuffs in contrasting pink. By Junior Accent, Montreal.

... The elegance of the sculptured sheath ... longer, more graceful jackets ... tiny jewel prints



Cardigan Neckline suit in lavender textured wool with slim skirt and fringed cape-stole, by S. Stall, Winnipeg.



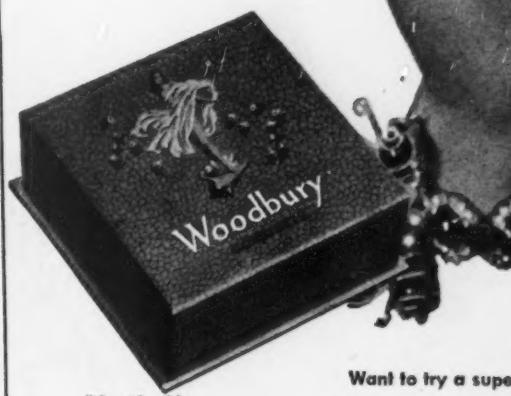
Tudor Pink afternoon dress with vertical tucks from draped neckline to hem. Jacket is in bouclé. Ensemble by Alfandri, Montreal.

More beautiful women use Woodbury face powder — why don't you?

Lovely women instinctively choose this exquisitely light, fabulously fine powder. Only Woodbury, with its secret blending process and special foundation-cream ingredient, offers such exciting satin-smoothness, such superb vibrant shades, longer cling. Why not try it? See the thrilling difference!

ANN BLYTH,

Universal-International Star, wears Woodbury Coquette to intensify her skin loveliness. (In Hollywood, stars chose Woodbury Powder 6 to 1.)

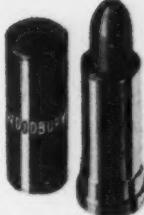


25c, 45c, 75c.

(Made in Canada)

Want to try a superb lipstick?

Add the excitement of Woodbury's "Coquette" lipstick — a rich, warm, true red, especially blended to be worn with "Coquette" powder. Also 6 other shades — all vivid and velvety. 25c and 55c.





SEW AND SAVE

TEN COSTUMES FROM T



Easy-to-sew cotton goes

Here, in one unique fashion package is a ten-costume wardrobe, made from two basic patterns, which will carry you through summer and winter, from the beach to a cocktail party. And all of them are as washable as a cotton tea towel.

These outfits are made from the new cottons which are creating the loudest furore in fabric circles since the advent of nylon—cottons that look and feel like velvet, tweed, chiffon, corded ottoman, shantung, satin, orlon and many other dress-up materials.

What's more, these wonder cottons are as easy to work with as plain cotton, so you can make this versatile wardrobe yourself.

To show you the exciting possibilities of these Cinderella cottons, Chatelaine chose the two Simplicity patterns sketched on the opposite page, and with the help of detachable collars, cuffs and a few matched accessories, turned them into ten individual and functional costumes.

Our dress is in checked black, red and white cotton chiffon, perfect contrast for the coat which is in red cotton orlon that looks and feels more like silk broadcloth. The suit is in the same material in a soft grey with detachable collar and cuffs made from the coat material.

Before you start to sew your own matchmaker wardrobe, however, make sure you are familiar with the variety of

FROM TWO PATTERNS

By ROSEMARY BOXER

Sketches by Jean Miller

textures and surface finishes obtainable in these new cottons so that you'll select fabrics as well as colors that will co-ordinate and not clash.

The only sure way is to see and feel the materials yourself. If these new fabrics aren't available in your own vicinity, then write to one of the larger stores for samples.

In studying our numbered sketches you'll see how simple it is with the new-look cottons to make two outfits do the work of ten. 1. Coat worn as a coat-dress with detachable black cotton velvet cuffs and wide contour belt. 2. Suit skirt worn over slim sheath for a casual afternoon dress. 3. Suit skirt worn over a bathing suit or halter-top for beachwear, accessorized with yellow and black striped cotton denim turban and beach-bag. 4. Suit and coat, worn unbelted, for a travel costume with a trim red ascot made from the coat material. 5. Coat trimmed with grey detachable cuffs, ascot, and covered belt—all made from the suit material—and worn redingote-style over the suit skirt. 6. Suit jacket combined with sheath dress and dainty neckline fichu fashioned from the dress material, creating a slim-skirted afternoon suit. 7. Grey suit trimmed with yellow detachable collar and cuffs of sheer cotton organdie. 8. Plaid sheath dress worn as an evening costume with a fringed stole made from the red coat material.

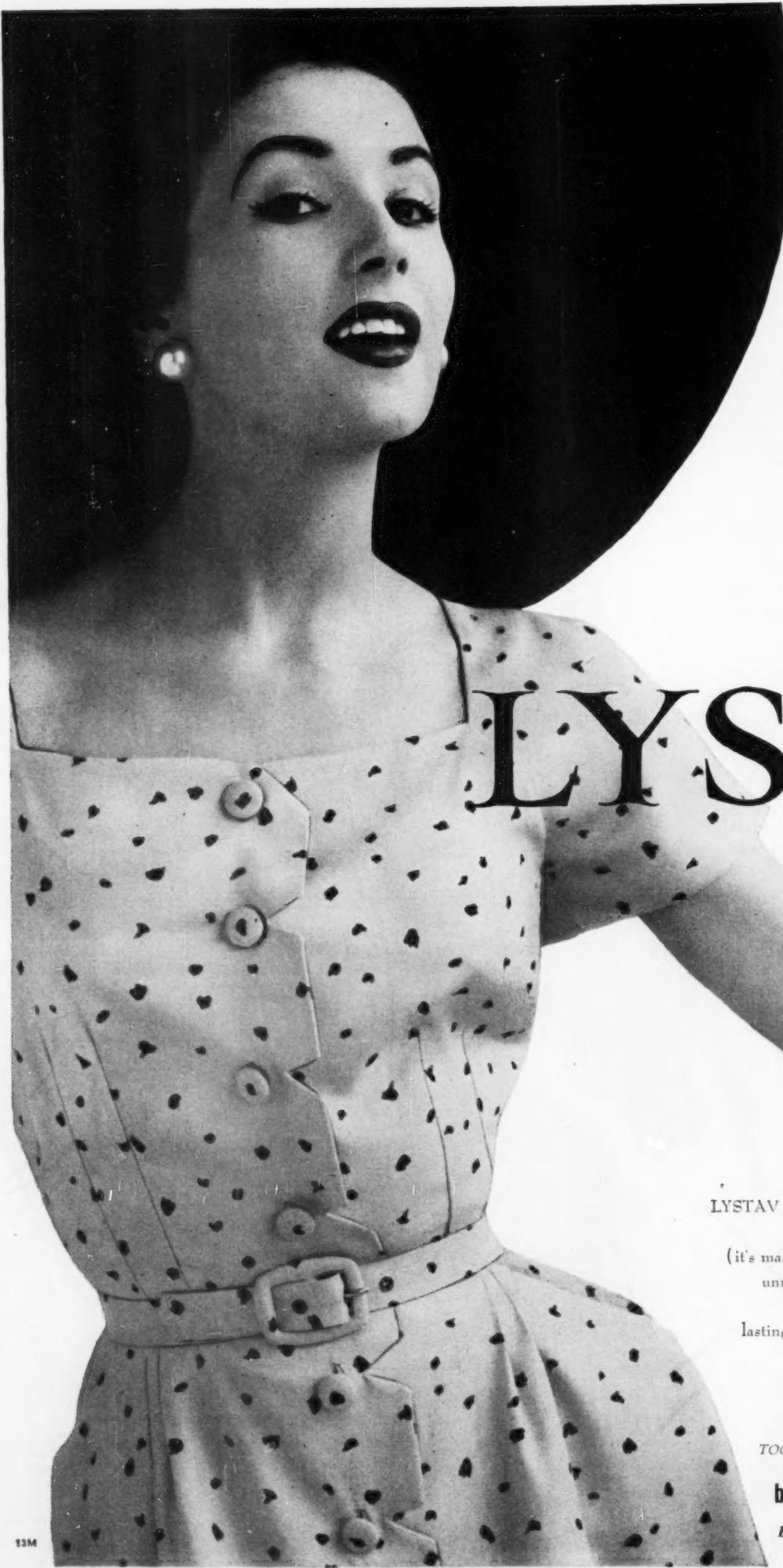
*high style with new
sheen and texture
for year-round,
day-into-evening wear*



8399

Both patterns Sizes 12-20, 50 cents each.
Order from your Simplicity pattern dealer or from
the Pattern Dept., Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

8465



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When you make a frock (or buy one ready to wear) LYSTAV gives you a fine choice of prints or clear plain colours, good handle and drape, with tested crease-resistance (it's marked TEBILIZED). Above all it has the indescribable, unmistakable something—the "quality" that smart women know is theirs in every TOOTAL fabric. And its lasting quality. LYSTAV carries the TOOTAL Guarantee—"should dissatisfaction arise through any defect in the material, Tootal will replace it or refund the price and pay the cost incurred in making-up."

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MAKE IT FROM A PATTERN

THE MATCHBOX SUIT. Currently making fashion headlines are these straight little jackets coupled with test-tube-slim skirts. A brief buttoned-on belt gives the back a slight nipped illusion. Jacket can be worn unbelted for perfect straight-line contour. Pattern No. 4171, 11-18, 50 cents. A turtle-necked jersey blouse with

plain push-up sleeves gives the suit the costume look so popular this year. Pattern No. 4190, 11-18, 35 cents.

Order from your Simplicity Pattern dealer, or from the Pattern Department, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

They put that \$100 gleam in their
hair with **Lady Wildroot**
Shampoo



Here are four winners in Wildroot's nation-wide \$100 Model Hunt. They aren't professional models—just four girls with beautiful hair who *keep* it beautiful with Lady Wildroot Shampoo. Discover a glowing \$100 gleam in your hair, too. Begin using Lady Wildroot Shampoo made with Lanolin, today! Leaves hair radiantly clean . . . sparkling with highlights . . . lovelier than you ever dreamed it could be. Watch how this *soapless* liquid cream shampoo whips to sudsy froth in seconds. Feel how silky soft it leaves your hair. Try Lady Wildroot Shampoo—and find the hidden gleam in your hair!



Elizabeth Jane Lewis of Denver, Col., says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo makes my hair so soft . . . it's fun to use the same grown-up shampoo Mommy does."



Lorraine Sansom, New Brunswick, Can., says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo gets my hair whistle-clean . . . leaves it with sunny highlights."



Lorna Kelly, East Orange, N. J., says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo is so quick-sudsing my hair gets cleaner sooner, stays cleaner longer."

Lady Wildroot shampoo

gleams as it cleans—
cleans as it gleams

You can win \$100 too!

Send a snapshot or photo (not larger than 8 x 10 inches) showing your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York 46, N. Y. Print your name and address on back of picture. If your photo is chosen, Wildroot will pay you \$100 and your portrait may be painted by a famous artist and used in a Wildroot ad. Judges will be a New York artist and an art director, whose decisions are final. No photos returned. Offer good 60 days from the appearance of this magazine only. Send in your photo today.



OUR QUEEN
Continued from page 10

far. Every sovereign of England has slept within its walls since William the Conqueror, except Richard Coeur de Lion. The last of the four houses is Balmoral, which we might call the castle of escape, where the Queen may draw about her the protecting forest of evergreens, and pretend that Westminster and Whitehall do not exist.

To write of a "pattern of simplicity" in Buckingham Palace, with its 690 rooms and staff of five hundred secretaries, clerks and servants, needs some explaining. Yet it is true that within this vast edifice Queen Elizabeth is able to lead two separate lives. It has become part of the royal talent that the habits of a compact family life are led in one wing which is shut off from the busy, impersonal organization of the monarchy. The royal family have succeeded in building a house within a palace. The difference lies between the family breakfast eaten in a small dining room on the second floor, and the splendor of the entertainment of as many as thirty thousand guests each year in the reception rooms and gardens.

In a Silk Worm Garden

There is one touching story which allows us to realize this atmosphere of simplicity in Buckingham Palace—the simplicity to which Queen Elizabeth was accustomed as a child. It is a story of her grandfather, King George V. Almost every day since he spent his holidays as a boy with his mother's family in Denmark, he had drunk a bowl of soup at eleven o'clock in the morning. His favorite was *Ollebrod*, the soup of the Danish peasants. In the last winter of his life—the winter of 1935—his cousin the King of Denmark was coming to pay King George a visit. He wrote ahead to ask him what he would like as present. All King George asked for was a bowl of real Danish *Ollebrod*. King Christian brought a big tureen of the soup with him to Buckingham Palace, and it was heated up the morning after he arrived. At eleven o'clock the two Kings sat in a room overlooking the gardens, shrouded in the mists of December London, and drank their *Ollebrod* together. King George was so moved that he closed his eyes and said, "We are boys again, Christian. I can see Grandma, Mama and Auntie Dagmar, and all the old faces about the room . . . we are boys again." This was a few weeks before he died.

The broad facade of Buckingham Palace suggests reliability and permanence. The Londoner going home from his office passes by and looks up at the central balcony on which five generations of sovereigns have appeared before the surging tides of his ancestors; and unless he is a sour creature, he draws a certain warm refreshment from the fact that the young Queen lives there, guiding the nation with her family example. Buckingham Palace seems to emanate a history of happiness in spite of the fact that King Edward VII used to call it "the Sepulchre."

In the early seventeenth century, the site of the palace was a mulberry garden, which was used to provide food for silkworms. Then it became a pleasure

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garden, which Samuel Pepys thought to be "a very silly place." But it is with Queen Victoria that the story becomes alive: she moved into the Palace—built on the site in the early eighteenth century—soon after she became Queen.

During the first year, before she was married, Buckingham Palace was anything but a sepulchre, and Queen Victoria recorded in her diary the gay parties she enjoyed in the evenings. At one ball she danced "till half past three and was much amused;" and she confessed to her Prime Minister next day that she did not get up "till half past ten." On her birthday she danced until four o'clock in the morning and saw the silver light of dawn flowing over London as she went to bed.

Now that the months of mourning have passed, since the death of King George VI, Queen Elizabeth is also enlivening the old Palace with parties for the young. There has not yet been a dance on the splendid scale of a Court Ball, but the Queen and the Duke entertain their contemporaries to dinner and to small dances, and sometimes when duties are over there is a cinema in the evening.

When we read of the first years of Queen Victoria's married life in Buckingham Palace, the parallels with what is happening today are delightful. One hundred and two years ago, Prince Albert wrote, "I could wish for no happier family life than has been granted me . . . the people themselves are doing everything to show their sympathy in the Queen's domestic happiness and their approval of her choice . . . the change in my life is very great but I am beginning to adapt myself to it." It might be the Duke of Edinburgh writing from Buckingham Palace in our own time. And we read of the royal couple in 1843 what is true of the Queen and her consort in 1952: "Gradually, the country came to estimate and admire the beauty of domestic life . . . of which the Queen and he set so noble an example."

Royal Hideaway

We turn over the pages of Queen Victoria's diary, to her entry for June 20, 1887: "I am writing in the garden at Buckingham Palace, where I used to sit so often in former happy days. Fifty years today since I came to the throne."

One is able to enjoy the continuity of history being made in the garden of the Palace when one imagines Queen Elizabeth sitting there, also on a June morning, perhaps reading over the speech she is to broadcast on the night after her Coronation. Already, in that garden where she walks in the spring evenings with the Duke and her children, the tulips are tall and almost in flower. It is a symbol of the good wishes of the world for the young sovereign that the tulips are a gift from Queen Juliana of the Netherlands.

Queen Elizabeth II has already formed the habit of driving down for the week ends to Royal Lodge, which is tucked away in Windsor Park, some four miles from the Castle. Here the Queen spent much of her childhood, and the glades and gardens are crowded with the friendly ghosts of her early years. On Saturday afternoons and Sundays she is able to withdraw into the life of a small country house. Only the dispatch boxes, the telephone, and her private

secretary are allowed to intrude upon Royal Lodge; otherwise, Queen Elizabeth and her husband see none but their family and friends. In summer, they play tennis, or swim in the pool made by King George VI; in winter, perhaps a brave walk around the garden with their dogs, then reading, listening to the radio, or watching the Queen's pet budgerigars.

For grand occasions, such as the racing season at Ascot, Windsor Castle is opened, in great splendor. Here is

the shrine of Queen Elizabeth's history: here her great namesake stood on the Terrace with the gold ornaments on her dress that Drake brought from Peru; here Queen Victoria ruled and here she gave almost the last parties of her long life, when she was so old that she had to be wheeled in to meet the Canadian and Australian troops, home from the South African War and whom she had asked to dinner. She was so blind that she could hardly see them, sitting in their uniforms of "practical" khaki,

within that Castle where history was being made long before Canada or Australia were discovered.

"The Most Romantique Castle"

Samuel Pepys was thirty-two years old: it was on February 26, 1665, that he "took coach and to Windsor," and after attending service in St. George's Chapel and seeing over "the king's house," wrote the ringing words in his diary, "It is the most romantique castle that is in the world." The word



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romantic, so weary from its misspent life, suddenly becomes fresh and true when we associate it with Windsor Castle. For it is romantic and incredible, in this world so in love with change and impermanence, that Queen Elizabeth II should receive the High Commissioners of Canada, Australia and New Zealand in the castle where William Rufus held a council in the year 1095.

Those of us who measure our ancestry in terms of a generation or two in a family bible, or a cluster of moldering headstones in a village churchyard, cannot possibly comprehend the sensations that young Queen Elizabeth might enjoy as she walks along the corridors of Windsor Castle with her husband and children beside her. We do not know her mind in this matter: perhaps life is too real and earnest for her to pause and lean her hands on an Edward III windowsill one summer evening, to conjure up the ghosts from the night mists shrouding the Thames.

But let us imagine her thus, after she has switched off the lamp over her desk—the desk of Whitehall duty. She has signed *Elizabeth R* on the last of the day's documents. She walks through the great rooms with the wonderful grace we noted long ago when she was a girl. From the walls of the rooms the portraits of her ancestors look down. The gamut of a nation's growth is symbolized in painted faces that watch the lonely figure for whom God and the nation have devised a strange burden; the burden of always being "good," of always being an example, in an age which is hostile to the verities for which she must stand.

The Queen goes to a window, high in the Castle wall. Without, in the darkness, move the shades of her inheritance: Edward the Confessor, whispering his prayers in the forest; William the Norman climbing the hill; King John returning to the Castle from Runnymede, after signing the Magna Carta—the language of which is still valid in our lives today. Then Edward III, the first king who breathes and lives and wrestles with ideals in terms that we understand; the first king in our history books to have a third dimension and not be a mere flat, painted figure on a playing card.

The long procession moves on: Henry VI bent over the plans of Eton College; Henry VIII walking through the Cloisters where he first saw Anne Boleyn, sitting at a window—a meeting she came to regret. Then Charles I, as a boy swimming in the Thames; and as a dead martyr, being carried up through the snow to his burial. We must glance quickly ahead: the line is too long and the names are too many. We see Queen Victoria standing at the top of the stairs when Prince Albert arrived to marry her; when she wrote in her journal, "I beheld Albert, who is beautiful."

The voices that come out of the mists to remind the young Queen Elizabeth of this history, might remind her also of the vast changes that have come to the character of monarchy. We listen to King John, yelling against the crowd, "By God's teeth I will not grant them liberties which will make me a slave." We hear Elizabeth I declaring, "My dogs shall wear no collars but my own." But then we hear later, wiser voices coming out of the night: Queen Victoria answering a Minister, "My Lord, I was brought up to know what was right and what was wrong. Never let me

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hear the word *expedient* again." And then, listening thus, the young Queen Elizabeth might repeat her own promise—"I declare before you all that my whole life, whether it be long or short, shall be devoted to your service."

The pattern of Queen Elizabeth's life in Windsor is wholly different from the stern program of London. The business of the nation goes on; the dispatch boxes arrive and we read in the morning newspapers, "The Hon. —, Minister for —, arrived at the Castle last night and left this morning." The inference is that Queen Elizabeth was able to perform local duties and also to capture a few hours of leisure before the Minister arrived. There are local charities to encourage, agricultural shows, hospitals and schools to be visited. And there is the nursery schoolroom, which she never neglects, where her children are being taught their first lessons.

Below the Castle are the stables, to remind us that horses are very important in the Queen's life. I remember an autumn morning, many years ago, standing on the north terrace at Windsor and seeing her, with her sister, riding their ponies down toward Frogmore; past the hollow where Falstaff went to sleep in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Those rides were her escape from the schoolroom and from "Crawfie's" curriculum of lessons. (It is some tribute to the young Queen's stamina that in spite of these years of Miss Crawford's instruction her literary style has remained her own.)

There are also the farms at Windsor to be visited and the life of Windsor town to be shared. The town, with a

population of 8,800, clusters about the Castle and although it is spreading toward the industrial centre of Slough, there is still an air of royal patronage in Windsor life. There are Deans and Canons and Canons' wives to be asked to dine. Within the Castle is a pattern of society not unlike what we find in an Anthony Trollope novel. Several hundred people work and sleep there, and they live, with their families and their interests, very near the Queen. She is something of a squire as well as a sovereign to the immense company of courtiers, workers and attendants. When the son of one of the servants has to be sent suddenly to a hospital where beds are few, it is the sovereign's personal word that makes the privilege possible. She is godmother to almost every child born in the Castle. Everything she does is tea-table gossip for the Canons' wives, leaning forward beneath their very English hats to share a new anecdote.

How well I remember the day, when Elizabeth was about eight years old, and the Dean of Windsor asked her what she would like him to preach about on Easter Sunday. She was never a capricious child—her seriousness showed earlier than was necessary—and she frowned as she tried to think of a solemn answer. But Princess Margaret, who was at her side, replied quickly, "Why not preach about Easter eggs and hot cross buns?" That story fluttered from tea-table to tea-table, all around the cloisters; and those who had not already heard it were told on the steps of the Chapel as they went into Evensong.

This is the atmosphere of Windsor: a

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leavening of the London orderliness; a response to the spirit of this lovely place; this immense, ancient Castle that withstood the siege of King John's time just as it withstood the menaces of the last war, when anti-aircraft guns were emplaced among the trees and guards watched all night from the lofty towers, defending what has endured for almost nine hundred years.

In turning our attention from Windsor to Sandringham, we turn from venerable age to gawky youth. The big, ugly country house in Norfolk is a memorial to late-Victorian taste, and architectural critics like to remind us that it was built by a man with the uncompromising name of Mr. Goggs. King Edward VII made Sandringham into a centre for the gay society he enjoyed; the society that older Victorians described as not "very nice." There was little time for the making of history during those busy social seasons, but one incident in Sandringham's story must appeal to our sense of drama. It was on the steps, just after his nephew, the Kaiser, had driven away from a visit, that King Edward turned and murmured, "Thank God he has gone."

Although Queen Elizabeth spent many holidays at Sandringham as a child, one has no feeling that this Edwardian setting quite belongs to her, in spirit. The house must always be associated with grief for her, because it was there that her grandfather died, in 1936; and it was there also that her own father died, after a day of shooting and country pleasure of the sort that he always enjoyed so much.

But there are signs that the Queen may use Sandringham more and more, as the habits of her life become settled. She spent last Christmas there: essentially a quiet, domestic Christmas, with the four generations of her family—Queen Mary, Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and the royal children. Here are the "country pleasures" the Queen used to share with her father: the farmers to be called on, the dogs to be exercised. I was told a nice story, of a day during her first visit to Sandringham as Queen, when she came in from a walk with her dog to find two more of those menacing dispatch boxes from Whitehall. First, she washed the mud off the dog's paws; then she went to her desk, unlocked the dispatch boxes, and sat down to the task of being Queen.

In thinking of the Queen's houses, one seems to pass Sandringham by and move from Windsor to Balmoral, the Scottish castle that brings us so intimately into the domestic life and private happiness of the royal family. It might seem that the Fates, having demanded stern duty in Buckingham Palace and splendor at Windsor, have given Balmoral to the Queen not only as an escape, but also as a shrine for the ideals planted there by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert more than a hundred years ago. It was from there that Prince Albert wrote, "We have withdrawn into . . . a complete mountain solitude, where one rarely sees a human face."

Someone should write a historical film scenario about Balmoral—some Walter Scott of the future. It must avoid all the cynicism and psychological complications that pass for fiction in our own time. The story should open with Queen Elizabeth II, still a princess, aged twenty-one, arriving at Balmoral for her honeymoon. The November harshness of the scene—the sombre

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evergreens and the cold hills—is alleviated by the welcome of the people of the Deeside. Some of them are so old that they can remember all five royal generations; they can remember Queen Victoria driving through the castle gates, her black bonnet nodding, her black-gloved hand raised to thank them. One or two might remember her walking from cottage to cottage, as she used to do when autumn came, cutting lengths of flannel from a big roll to make winter petticoats for her tenants.

Queen Elizabeth, her prince and her children, fade away and we cut back to 1849. The Prince Consort is sitting at a window writing, "It seems like a dream to be here in our dear Highland home again." The story is almost unbelievably romantic, all the way through. The new castle is built in 1851, and Prince Albert introduces his startling but harmless tartan carpets, and the stags' heads which look down with amiable, patronizing expressions on their studded faces. The scene changes again and we see a new generation growing up and learning to fish in the Dee. One day, a princess who is destined to be German Empress, rides up a slope with a prince beside her. He bends down from his pony and picks her a sprig of white heather. Their story ends in disaster, in the dark turmoil of a German Court, but as far as Balmoral is concerned, the scenes are all of happiness. Then Miss Nightingale comes to stay, and talks of the Crimea; and Mr. Downey comes, with his moving picture machine, to photograph Queen Victoria walking up and down the terrace.

The years pass, each with its peculiar invention, but the larch trees still screen the castle from harm. The old Queen dies, and King Edward VII sits deep in a chair, a window open to let in the sweet summer breeze. He shares the novel delights of a cinematograph show with his fashionable friends; and he drives through the Highlands in one of the newfangled motor cars.

Then we see King George V walking toward the moors for the shooting and the challenging air of the Highlands which he enjoyed so much. And Queen Mary, devoted to organization and orderliness, changing the gardens. She is a Londoner at heart; she likes borders rather than wild gardens, and she adds a trim excellence to everything she touches. Then comes the fourth generation to find happiness at Balmoral. For this, if we are to keep to our scenario, we take in a scene sixty miles away. We see the slim turrets of Glamis Castle, and a girl who was described by Sargent as the "only unself-conscious sitter" he had ever painted. Then we see King George VI walking along the terrace at Balmoral, with his Scottish bride.

While the world clutches eagerly at cynicism, and the old notions of family life seem to crumble and become unfashionable, the legend endures. Fifteen years of another reign pass, and the witches of "realism," bent over their brew, find themselves once more confused. The story is still of happiness. We see a picture of Queen Elizabeth II at Balmoral, walking on the terrace with her husband and her children—exactly one hundred years after the Castle was built.

One is left wondering, in this study of royal persons and the houses in which they live, whether the houses themselves

help to ordain the character of the life within them.

Here in Scotland history is already repeating itself. During the late summer of last year photographs were flown down from Balmoral of Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh walking along the terrace with their children—driving to Crathie Church—entertaining young King Feisal of Iraq in the gardens where Queen Victoria walked with the Tzar of Russia in the summer of 1896. And there were

photographs of Queen Elizabeth and her husband, alone; happy, smiling pictures, that seemed to repeat her great-great-grandfather's proud statement, "be as happy as we are: more I cannot wish you."

How incredible it seems that, as the noisy band wagon of twentieth-century life catches our eye, we are still able to look aside and watch this example, of a Queen and her consort passing from Buckingham Palace to Windsor, and from Windsor to Balmoral, observing

a way of life which the world pretends to reject; and in the rejection, confesses its desire and its need. ♦

Watch next month for another article in our exclusive new series by Hector Bolitho. **THE QUEEN LOOKS WEST**, tells how Elizabeth has broken with royal tradition by turning her back on Europe. The young Queen's interest lies in the young countries of the Commonwealth and she knows more of Canada across the Atlantic Ocean than of France across the English Channel.

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MOLLY AND THE STAR

Continued from page 15

"Firmament, Peaches," said her mother. "I'll give you five minutes on the telephone with Ruth."

"But mother, it will take five minutes to make her swear she won't tell anybody else."

"Why all the secrecy?" asked her father. "I thought every time Hollywood tied a shoelace it was proclaimed from the rooftops."

"This is something special. Nobody's supposed to know about it. They're afraid a bunch of kids will gang up and drive Allan crazy." She dialed a number, listened for a moment and hung up with a moan of annoyance. "Busy. Probably talking with Tommy Bridges."

"I thought Tommy was on your team," said her mother mildly.

"I traded with Ruth for a new boy named Roger. He can do a back flip without hands."

"You can't do dishes without hands. Get busy, pet."

Again a soft web of silence descended over the room, broken only by a ululating strain of music from the kitchen radio. On the sofa, Molly's father hissed slightly and turned to the sports page. "Always noise," he said, half to himself. "Man learned to control fire but not the vacuum tube."

"Did you say something, dear?" asked his wife.

"A mild statement of protest," he replied. "Engendered by an annoyance I've learned to control."

"Keep up the good work." She turned another page. "Dear, how do you like lamb?"

"In a roast. With mint sauce."

"Sorry, sweet, I mean Persian lamb. They make it into coats."

"Oh. Never heard of it."

The idyl was shattered by the phone's imperative chatter. Mr. Kennedy leveled a glance of sheer hatred at the desk. "The most demanding and arrogant instrument ever devised by man," he said.

"That won't keep it from ringing," murmured his wife.

Molly catapulted through the room, clutching a tea towel and a bouquet of silverware. "I'll get it." She did a half twirl, pressed the receiver against her ear, and issued the customary greeting. Instantly her face fell and she juggled the phone on one hand. "For daddy," she said sadly. "A man."

"That's odd," said her father. "Usually at this hour I get calls from lady friends."

Molly held the phone at arm's length. "Aren't you going to answer it?"

"Yes," said her father. "But I'm not going to leap like a startled fawn." He carefully folded the paper and stepped across the room. "At my age there aren't that many surprises left."

He picked up the phone, spoke quietly, and an immediate expression of surprise crossed his face. "Hank! Where are you, boy? How long you been in town? Look, you can cut out the captain stuff—we're not in the Army. At the airbase? Oh, you're with that Hollywood outfit."

At the mention of the magic word, Molly promptly froze, her auricular nerves turned full volume.

"We will kindly not eavesdrop," said

her mother firmly. "Scram, Molly."

"But mother—Hollywood."

"Sure thing, Hank," said Mr. Kennedy. "I'll hang on for a minute." He cupped his hand over the receiver and turned toward Mrs. Kennedy. "Tie that," he said. "Hank Zabreski, my sergeant in Holland. Eagerest beaver in the whole Engineers. Often wondered what happened to him. He was a genius with a camera and a contour map. We used to call him the third lieutenant."

"But, daddy," whispered Molly, fiercely attendant at his elbow. "What does he do with the Hollywood outfit? Is he an actor? Does he know Allan Dale? You've got to ask him."

"Okay, okay," said her father. "Don't bite me." He shifted the phone into position. "Yes, Hank. Still working with the cameras. I always figured you could make something out of that."

"Find out, please daddy," Molly said with a hiss. The bouquet of silverware chattered briskly.

"Just a minute, Hank," said her father. "I've got a fourteen-year-old pixie here about to fly apart. Do you know this Allan Dale and what can be done about him?"

He listened attentively with an occasional nod. "Hm'm, he is, huh? That's interesting. Well, that ties Mr. Dale up in a neat little package." Mr. Kennedy turned to his daughter. "Sorry, honey, Hank says your lad is a stuffed shirt. However, if you'd like an autograph or a picture he might be able to get it for you."

"Oh, do," squeaked Molly. "Double do." She raced for the kitchen, chirping happily. Mr. Kennedy looked after her with a frown.

"Must be your side of the family," he said to his wife. "My people were all peasants. Hello, Hank, pardon the interruption."

Five minutes later Mr. Kennedy replaced the phone and looked at his wife. "Are you the type of woman," he asked, "who faces an emergency with calm? One who refuses to be upset by the unexpected? One who—"

Mrs. Kennedy's sigh stopped him. "One who has spent years anticipating your whims. Just give me a rough outline, dear, and I'll fill in the details."

"Well," replied Mr. Kennedy unabashed, "Hank is in a spot. A nasty little man is chasing him around with a subpoena."

"And we're supposed to harbor the fugitive?"

"Nice guess," said her husband admiringly. "Only he isn't a fugitive exactly. Just before the war, Hank signed a contract with a semi-pro baseball outfit. He never fulfilled the contract."

"That's supposed to be naughty," said Mrs. Kennedy. "Why didn't he fill the contract?"

"He couldn't very well. He was jumping hurdles and learning to be an engineer. Now this oaf thinks he can collect damages. They've got his hotel surrounded."

"Why doesn't the third lieutenant stand and fight?"

"Later on he intends knocking the guy silly—legally speaking, of course. But right in the middle of a picture a court fight would be costly and embarrassing. His studio would take a dim view."

Mrs. Kennedy looked thoughtful, dimpling prettily in the process. "I

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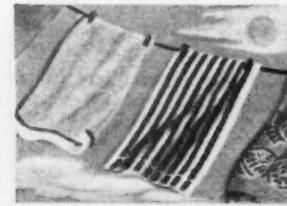
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* * * new ways to easy-living *

by Nancy Nylon

Although my ancestors are purely chemical, comes St. Patrick's Day and I turn Irish as the Blarney Stone! Guess the reason is that every one of us loves parades, bands — and any excuse in the world to be gay! So if you see me in a parade on St. Patrick's Day — don't be surprised.

Pretty is the word for nylon — and specially in the new girdles and bras. You really have to see them to believe that anything so figure-controlling could look



so delicate and dainty. Whether they're lace or nylon embroidered sheers, or the new Faconnes, they are just beautiful, and the nylon power net is soft and comfortable, yet firm as can be. And, of course, the reason most women give for preferring nylon foundations and bras is 'cause they wash so beautifully, stay new-looking so long. Look for them when you shop.

And just wait till you see the new nylon fabrics in the stores! They are so lovely. Delightful prints, sheers with beautiful striped effects, little pockers; and colors that make your mouth water. Of course, the talk these days is about Coronation



colors, and as I'm living in hopes that I may get over to London, I'm having some of my new clothes made with the trip in mind. A wise reminder if you are going anywhere — nylon is an easy-living travelling companion . . . that needs little care to stay looking nice. You'll find nothing to pack so small or light, so easy to wash and quick to dry. Nylon needs little or no ironing to keep it looking fresh and new.

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Before even the hedgehog appears, winter-weary ladies start thinking of a gay print dress to wear under fur coats now — under the sun later. The new nylon prints are delicious, in wonderful colors. Neat tie patterns or dainty small florals — and you know, at least your letters tell me so — that there isn't any more practical dress fabric than nylon. So whether you choose a printed tricot or a crisp woven fabric — you'll have a new dress that is lovely to wear — and easy to live with. For it won't muss or rumple — will wash in a wisk, dry in a flash, and needs only a touch of the iron to make it look like new — no matter how often you wear it.



Every mother who sews welcomes Sew and Save Week. There's so much useful information made available in newspapers, magazines and in the stores. I'd like to add my contribution by suggesting that when you sew with nylon fabrics, you be sure to use nylon thread and trimmings. It will make your finished garments so much more satisfactory, give you the full advantages of nylon's easy-living qualities. And if you'd like a copy of my booklet "How to Sew with Nylon Fabrics" — just write to me, Nancy Nylon, Dept. 77, C-I-L House, Montreal, and I'll send you one. You'll find it a great help.

Next time you are downtown shopping — look at the nylon upholstered furniture. You'll see many new patterns and colors, and I needn't tell you how easy-living nylon fits into the home. It just wears and wears — and stays looking handsome and new — even if you have a small brood of wild Indians to bring up!



suppose he'll want pressed duck and cherries Jubilee. I understand Hollywood people subsist on such goodies."

"I once saw him live for three days on a single K ration. Let him press his own ducks. It will only be for a day or so," Mr. Kennedy frowned. "Just one thing."

"Seems to me there are two or three things, but you go first."

He nodded toward the kitchen. "What about Peaches? We can't lock her in the fruit cellar. And the place will be swarming if the word gets out."

"I'll handle her. She's been clamoring to spend a week end with Tootsie." Mrs. Kennedy picked up a movie magazine and regarded the cover. "He is a handsome dog," she said. "Even with those ears."

The Teen Queens filed into Conroy's drugstore, ejected two startled eighth-graders from the big rear booth, and came to order. The elder Mr. Conroy, filling a prescription on the other side of a glass partition, reduced the volume on his hearing aid to zero. Behind the fountain young Mr. Conroy nervously briefed Pearl, the waitress. "Remember," he said, "only one straw to a person no matter how loud they yowl. Those things are on the critical list."

"First," said Madam President Ruth Ritter, "who's got a nickel for the joke box. It's too quiet in here."

"It's Friday," somebody reminded her. "We're lucky to have coke money. Can't we take a bite out of the treasury?"

"Neat idea," said the President. "Treasurer Kennedy, you are authorized to spin the platters."

Molly looked up in surprise. "But I can't. The treasury is home in the toe of my good nylons."

A large girl wedged in the corner released a sigh. "I was going to have a hot fudge but I shouldn't, so I'll donate the difference."

Conversation was momentarily suspended until the decibel reading reached crescendo. The elder Mr. Conroy checked his hearing aid curiously, and then realized sound waves were being transmuted through the floor boards.

"We have an interesting report from the Treasurer," shouted Madam President. "Her father's dearest friend is connected with the Hollywood company. It's possible he can fix it so we can meet Allan."

At the mention of the holy word, a series of ecstatic chirps ran pianissimo around the table and all eyes focused on Molly.

"I'm not sure," the Treasurer said doubtfully. "When I mentioned it to my father last night he said something like over his dead body. He thinks chasing celebrities is a silly business."

"So does mine," admitted Madam President. "What fathers don't realize is the fact that we can't let other clubs get ahead of us. We simply couldn't hold our heads up."

"Already the Fair Fifteens are spying," commented a subaltern. "They know something's up."

"You're right, Tootsie," said Madam President. "One of them tried to sneak up on Molly and me in cafeteria today. I jabbed her with my pen."

"They're so stuck up," said the large girl. "Ever since they got that shoelace from Tyrone, there's no living with them."

"Tyrone!" A scornful chorus arose, followed by a calculated chant. "We wouldn't — have — Tyrone — on — a — platter."

With the heresy expunged and the air cleared, Madam President rapped for order. "We've got to face it," she said. "An autograph or a picture doesn't mean much. What we need is something personal from Allan. Something that will make the Fair Fifteens simply turn purple."

"A hat," said Tootsie dreamily. "Like that neat porkpie he wore in 'Spring Song.'"

"Think of a shirt!" breathed another. "A shirt with sleeves!" There was a brief period of silence while the group thought about a shirt.

"We're getting no place," said Madam President briskly. "Let's calm down and start planning. First, we need volunteers to watch the hotel. Then I think Molly and Tootsie should —"

Mr. Kennedy took another sip of coffee and pushed the plate of hot cinnamon rolls toward his guest. "You're wrong, Hank," he said. "The last time I saw you — you couldn't see me. It was in that base hospital in Brussels. The medics had you wrapped like a gift."

"I never did figure out what happened," said his guest, biting a roll appreciatively. "The last thing I remember I saw the bridge start to go, and Murphy dropping into the water. I knew the lug couldn't swim so I dove. Must have hit something."

"You did. Head first. By the way, they did a pretty good job of patching you up."

"Yeah," said Hank. "The only thing is I'm practically synthetic from the neck up. These pearly dentals are removable, the nose is only partly mine, and I couldn't see ten feet without my glasses. On top of that, as you can see, there's a patch on my head where nothing will ever grow, so usually I wear what the trade calls a 'piece.'"

"Oh good heavens — is that the truth?" Mrs. Kennedy came in breezily with a fresh pot of coffee. "Nobody would ever know it. By the way, Hank, did you sleep all right last night?"

"Fine, thanks. I'm enjoying myself immensely — although I think it's an awful imposition."

"Oh, tush," said Mrs. Kennedy. "Spend the summer if you like."

"Wish I could. They're flying us back to the Coast tonight. Right from the airbase. I used to think the flyboys were a bunch of egotistical characters, but they've certainly been swell on this trip."

"Well, you can relax and take it easy," said Mr. Kennedy. "We'll get you to

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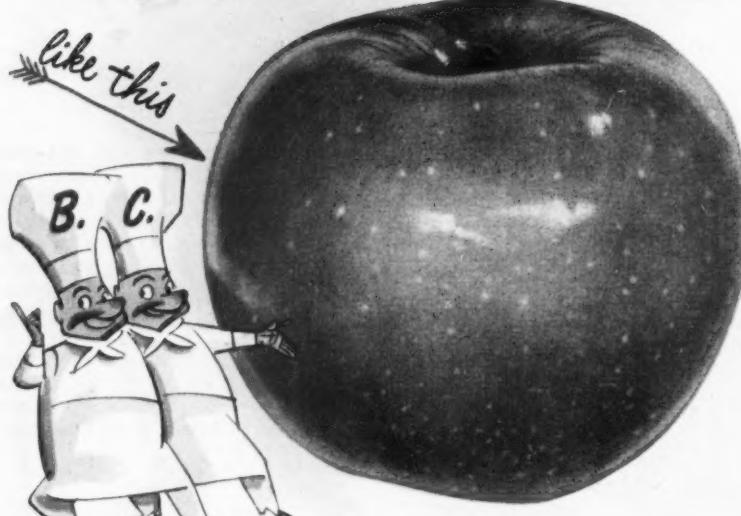
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the airbase in plenty of time. In the meantime if we see any suspicious items lurking in the shrubbery, we'll give them a little commando treatment." He stood up and stretched. "I thought I'd work on my car this morning. Seem to have mice in the clutch."

"Hey, swell," said Hank. "Let me help. I haven't had my hands on a set of tools for years."

At the kitchen sink Mrs. Kennedy looked through the window and gave a sharp exclamation. "Oh murder, wouldn't you know. Here come Molly and Tootsie prancing up the back walk. I thought I had her salted away for the week end."

"We'd better move fast," said Mr. Kennedy, shoving back his chair.

"Too late now," said Mrs. Kennedy, as the back door swished open. "I could brain that child."

"Mother!" Molly entered the bright kitchen. "We're stark raving desperate. You're our last hope." She turned toward the breakfast room. "Good morning, daddy. Oh—" She paused and regarded the guest curiously.

There was a moment of frozen silence and then Mrs. Kennedy spoke. "Dear, this is a friend of your father's, Mr. Zabreski. They—used to jump off bridges together."

"Hullo," said Molly casually. "Did he bring the picture of Allan?"

At the table Mr. Zabreski peered up at her through the heavy-rimmed glasses. "I plumb forgot," he said. The voice was a high-pitched twang and Mrs. Kennedy jumped. "But I'll git it for you. I swear I will."

"I bet," said Molly listlessly. She turned to her mother. "Didn't Mrs. McAfee work with you in Red Cross mother?"

"Helen McAfee? Why yes, dear. What about it?"

"Well, it's a little complicated, but I think if you'll be patient you'll understand. It starts with Mrs. McAfee's cousin named Harold. Actually it starts with his being married."

"That's nice," said her mother. "Is Harold happy?" She manoeuvred the two through the dining room door and managed a backward nod at the breakfast room. The two men rose silently.

"I don't know about that," said Molly. "The important thing is that he married a girl named Bentley. Carole Bentley. She was a city golf champ."

"I see," said her mother. "And how did Harold take that? I gather he doesn't play golf and there's been trouble. And they seemed so happy."

"Oh, mother," Molly twisted her hands. "You're not following me. It doesn't have anything to do with golf."

"It gets around to Allan later," said Tootsie blandly. "Only Molly's lousing up the story."

"All right, Brighteyes," snapped Molly, "I suppose you can tell it better."

"Wup," said her mother. "That will be enough of that. Now calm down and get back to the story. Harold has smashed her golf clubs in a fit of jealousy. Then what?"

Molly raced to a climax. "Carole Bentley's father died and her mother married again and she married Mr. Evans. Mr. Norman Evans. Don't you see?"

"Afraid I don't," said her mother. "I fell off at the last turn."

"Mr. Norman Evans," Molly repeated carefully, "is the manager of the

Berwick Arms where Allan is staying. All you have to do is call Mrs. McAfee, get her to call Harold and he can get his wife to call—"

Mrs. Kennedy stood up. "The answer sweetie," she said, "is no. Absolutely no. Why don't you simply walk in the Berwick Arms and tell the desk clerk you'd like to speak to Mr. Hale, or Dale, or whatever his name is."

"We tried that," said Tootsie. "They chased us out. Us and four hundred other kids."

"We're whipped," said Molly dismaly. "Here we had a big head start and we fumbled it."

Mrs. Kennedy looked at her daughter's stricken eyes and felt a twinge in her heart. She looked longingly at the kitchen door. "Dear," she said, "if I thought for a minute you two could—" She stopped with a sigh. "No, I guess it wouldn't work. Your father would never forgive me. Why don't you go down to Conroy's and drown your sorrows. I'll treat."

"Thanks, mother," Molly said sadly. "Ruth's coming over in a few minutes. We'll wait for her on the porch."

Tootsie flipped a pebble from the top step and watched it curve into the hedge. "Frankly," she said, "I didn't think it would work."

"Neither did I," admitted Molly. "But it was worth a try."

"Oh well," said Tootsie, "school's about out. Next year we can join the Fair Fifteens. We'll have Tyrone's shoelaces anyhow."

"I don't think I'll even join," said



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Molly. "Next year I think I'll hang around the library. Read a lot and learn things."

"That's the way I feel," said Tootsie. "I'm going to start by reading a book this summer. One complete book."

They watched idly as Madam President Ruth came clicking up the hedge-lined walk and joined them on the step.

"A man's following me," she said. "At least he was."

"How interesting," said Tootsie tonelessly. "What kind of a man?"

"A little creepy sort of man. He stopped me at the corner and asked if any of the kids had tracked down Allan. Then he wanted to know where Kennedy lived. I don't see him now."

"That's all we need," said Molly. "A creepy man hanging around."

Madam President selected a fresh green leaf from the hedge and bit into it thoughtfully. "Who's he?" she asked, looking down the driveway toward the garage. A young man in grease-stained coveralls lounged in the doorway smoking a cigarette. He took off his glasses, polished them carefully, and ran his hand over the bald spot on his head. Madam President squinted carefully in the bright sunlight. "He reminds me of someone. Who?"

"Oh, it's the friend of daddy's I was telling you about. The third lieutenant. He's the one that's with the Hollywood company. Some kind of a mechanic, I guess. He's kind of dopey."

"I don't know," said Madam President. "Gives me a kind of shivery feeling when I look at him. Did he bring the autographed picture of Allan?"

"No," said Molly. "He forgot. Frankly I'm through chasing celebrities

around. Especially movie stars. If Gregory Peck came up these steps right now I wouldn't even move over."

"Neither would I," said Tootsie. "Not even if it was John Derek. He could just climb over me or go around to the back door."

There was a moment of silence. "I'll bet you'd move if Allan came up the walk," said Madam President softly.

The three of them turned at a scratching sound in the driveway. The young man in the coveralls stood on the other side of the hedge. He looked uncomfortable. "Say," he said, his voice twanging eerily, "I'm powerful sorry about that picture. I told Mr. Dale, honest I did, but he's sort of forgetful."

"Oh, that's all right," said Molly, managing a weak smile. "I guess it really doesn't matter."

The young man fumbled with his cap. "I don't see what you want a silly thing like that for anyhow. Actually he's kind of stupid."

"Oh, he is?" Tootsie's voice was frigid. "I suppose you're bright. I suppose you pal around with stars all the time."

"Well," the young man admitted, "I know some. And I've met a lot of others."

"What do you do," asked Madam President coldly, "sharpen their lawnmowers?"

Three pairs of feminine eyes swept scornfully over the grease-stained coveralls. The young man blinked back at them. Suddenly his gaze shifted over their heads toward the street and his eyes narrowed. Abruptly he turned and sprinted down the driveway.

With one motion the Teen Queens turned toward the figure plunging up the walk from the street. Madam President's hand went to her mouth and she gave a suppressed scream.

"It's him," she cried. "The creepy person. He's after me, I know it."

Tootsie was closest and she acted first. Her foot shot out and caught the man's ankle. As he plunged into the hedge, Molly snatched a flowerpot from the porch railing. Leaning over, she took careful aim and dropped the pot. There was a thud, a sharp grunt, and silence for several moments. Finally the man's head emerged, his features obscured by a thick skein of geranium roots.

"Which one of you brats did that?" he roared.

The trio stood menacingly on the top porch step, each equipped with a lethal flowerpot.

"Don't throw unless you have to," said Molly breathlessly. "These things are mother's pets." Back of her the screen door slammed.

"What, may I ask," said her mother, "is the big idea?"

"This man was following Ruth," said Molly. "We bopped him."

The man on the walk raised a clenched fist. "Your kid's in trouble, lady," he shouted. "You can't fool around with the law like this."

"Law?" said Mrs. Kennedy. "Well, I never. You certainly don't look like the law."

There was the roar of a car motor in the rear and Molly looked down the driveway. "Mother, watch out! What's the matter with daddy, anyhow?"

The car shot down the driveway toward them and spun into the street in a shower of gravel. The little man made a desperate lunge, tripped and plunged into the hedge.

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"I'll bet he's sick of that hedge," said Tootsie.

The man stood up shakily. "Look, law," said Mrs. Kennedy, "I think you'd better toddle along. You're on private property."

"You haven't heard the last of this," growled the man, stamping toward the street.

Mrs. Kennedy sighed. "You're so right," she said.

Madam President daintily pursued a fugitive crumb across her plate. "That was wonderful cake, Mrs. Kennedy. It was awfully nice of you to ask me for dinner. Mother and dad go out on Saturdays and usually I just nibble."

"That goes for me too," said Tootsie.

"Daddy hasn't even touched his cake," said Molly.

"He's thinking," said Mrs. Kennedy. "He has a little story to tell the three of you."

"Me?" croaked Mr. Kennedy. "I haven't any story. I mean, can't we just forget the whole thing?"

Three pairs of eyes swung toward the head of the table. "What story?" asked Molly. "What does mother mean?"

Mr. Kennedy squirmed uncomfortably. "Well kids, you see it was this way—." The doorbell pealed and he stopped, grateful for the interruption.

"I'll get it," said Molly, pushing back her chair. There was a brief murmur at the door and a sudden little shriek of surprise. "Ruth! Tootsie! Look!"

Molly came through the archway, a huge florist's box in her arms. "It's addressed to the Three Teen Queens. Who could—"

"Open it, dopey," screamed Tootsie. The white and silver ribbon snapped and there was the rustle of tissue paper. Eyes wide, the trio looked and gasped. Nested side by side in the box were three breathtaking orchids. Slowly Molly lifted the card and read: "To the three Teen Queens—my love and eternal gratitude. Allan Dale."

"Allan!" they breathed in chorus.

"Hey, the card," gasped Tootsie. "There's something on the other side. Molly turned the card and together they read the two words "Lawnmowers sharpened."

"I knew it," moaned Madam President. "I tried to tell you there was something about him. I don't get that shivery feeling for nothing."

Molly turned toward the head of the table. "Oh daddy, how could you? Third lieutenant!"

"I can explain everything," said Mr. Kennedy desperately.

"What a bunch of dopes we are," said Tootsie, emphasizing each word. "What an everlasting bunch of dopes. We didn't even get a shoelace."

Mrs. Kennedy rose quietly and opened her sewing basket. "This," she said, "may not be your hearts' desire, but it's something." She held up a white rectangle of cloth. "I've just blocked out the design, but when I finish the embroidery it should be very nice."

Three bright heads bent over the pillowslip. Sketched in the centre was an unmistakable profile. Underneath, in Old English lettering was the legend, ALLAN DALE SLEPT HERE.

Clutching their orchids, the three Teen Queens collapsed dreamily onto the sofa. +

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YOUNG MRS. BARRY

Continued from page 19

Then Chuck said, "Well, this is it."

"You go straight into your vestry and forget all about me," Audrey said, feeling very brave. "Here."

She handed him the black looseleaf notebook that she had been cradling in her lap, and they got out. Audrey went to the iron-studded doors of the main entrance, glad that they were early enough so that she could go in without feeling that her progress to the parsonage pew was a kind of spectacle. In the bright morning light the red cushions glowed richly. Audrey liked the way the clear leaded panes of the windows made the outside world part of the church itself. In front of the pulpit a huge basket of carefully arranged gladioli made splashes of saffron and green-white and mauve. Other bouquets of summer flowers were set wherever there was room for them, as if in honor of a special event.

"Why, it's for us," Audrey thought, with a queer stop-and-go of her heart. "It's for Chuck and me. We're the special event."

A quickened sense of what she had called fear disturbed her. Chuck's success here, humanly speaking, depended on how good a job she made of being his wife. Clasping her hands on the back of the pew ahead she leaned her forehead against them for a moment. "No matter what," she said, not sure whether it was a vow or a prayer she was making, "I'll never do anything to hurt him or his work."

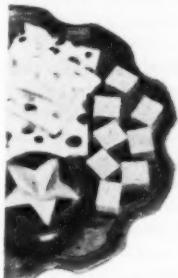
(Advertisement)

How to add flavor and nutrition to everyday menus

Add nutrition to salads by adding strips of Velveeta, Kraft's famous cheese food. When you toss greens for a chef's salad, toss thin curls of Casino Brand Swiss right in with them. Or crumble Casino Blue and toss with a salad for distinctive flavor.



Top off a meal with one of the best desserts in the world—fruit and cheese! Almost all fruits and almost all cheeses go wonderfully well together, so you simply combine your own favorites. A dessert suggestion: grapes, apples, or pears with MacLaren's Imperial Sharp Cheese.



Remember that all cheese for a cheese tray is better served with no chill in it. The flavor's best when you take the cheese out of the refrigerator a few hours ahead, and serve it at room temperature.

Surprise your guests with hot cheese canapés. Cut small rounds from Kraft De-Luxe Slices of cheese, and place on toast rounds, same size. Top each with an onion slice. Brush lightly with oil, and place under moderate broiler heat until cheese starts melting. Superb flavor!

In cooking with cheese, bear in mind that a double boiler is always kindest to protein foods—and that includes cheese. Too high heat makes cheese stringy. Overcooking is another error. When cheese is melted, it's cooked. Take it off the heat. Serve it at once.

Serve cheese often, because in addition to being delicious it has truly impressive food values! Cheese helps to supply high-quality complete protein, at low cost. It's an excellent source of milk calcium and phosphorus, a good source of vitamin A and riboflavin. Ounce for ounce, there is no other basic food that matches cheese for these important nutrients!

Make quick, delicious hot cheese sauce by melting a $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. of Velveeta in the double boiler and stirring in a little milk. (Use a $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. pkg. or cut this portion from the economical 1-lb. or 2-lb. loaf.) Season to taste. Then pour it over toast—vegetables—leftovers. Children really do love it.

CHATELAINE — MARCH, 1953

The pews began to fill quickly. Only three of the parishioners were known to her: Mr. Whittall, chairman of the board, who had interviewed Chuck on behalf of the church; Beryl Lindsay, who had been at the parsonage to welcome them on Friday by virtue of a tradition that the minister was a special protégé of the Lindsays; and Mrs. Beaumont Passmore. So far Mrs. Passmore was only a name that had run like a velvety ribbon throughout the conversation of the other two. Mrs. Passmore had given the pulpit chairs in honor of her parents. She had given the rose window above the main doors as a memorial to her husband. The red cushions, too, were her gift when a general renovation had taken place a few years ago.

Into the drift of Audrey's thoughts came the sound of the voluntary. The choir filed into their places. An anticipatory hush fell and then Chuck walked to his place in the pulpit, enfolded within the dignity of his gown as a being apart even from her, dedicated to a high and difficult task. A lump came to Audrey's throat. She must remember to call him Charles in public. Not even such an innocent trifle as a nickname must be allowed to diminish that dignity. All through the service she kept listening to him with the congregation's ears, thinking that they couldn't help liking him, wondering what Mrs. Passmore, since she seemed such an important person, would decide about him.

But Mrs. Passmore, as it happened, wasn't there.

She telephoned apologetically on Tuesday. She and her family had been



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Each year the accounting is subject to audit
by the Dominion Government.*

away for the week end, and would love to have Mr. and Mrs. Barry come for dinner on Thursday. Her voice, Audrey thought, sounded a bit on the positive side, but that could happen to anybody with as much money as the Passmores had.

She and Chuck decided to walk to Mrs. Passmore's so that, as Audrey said, they could come up on her gradually. Early leaves were drifting along the pavements, and sprinklers made a pleasant whirring sound as they tossed

prismatic showers over heat-browned grass. The Passmore house, gabled and bay-windowed, sat behind its shrubbery with smug poise, like an old-fashioned Victorian sure enough of herself and her position to be able to ignore the froth of fashion.

But Mrs. Passmore wasn't at all like her house; not even what one might imagine from her voice or the voices of those who spoke of her.

She was a smartly dressed woman of medium height and a friendly brisk

manner. Only the occasional glint of silver in her hair made it reasonable to believe that she could be the mother of a sixteen-year-old son and a twenty-year-old daughter.

"We're all so pleased," she said, reaching both hands to them, "to think you're starting your married life in our little town. We like to think we're sharing in your romance. Come in. The family's so anxious to meet you."

They were waiting in the living room, a place of old mahogany furniture,

oriental rugs, heavy brocade hangings and paintings in massive gilt frames. There was Lou, Mrs. Passmore's unmarried older sister, like Mrs. Passmore and yet unlike her, as if Lou had been a sort of careless sketch for a later finished picture; Bobs, the son, polite but obviously grimly enduring all this social fuss, furtively curious, in spite of himself, about the kind of guy this minister might turn out to be; and Greta. It was Greta who caught and held Audrey's interest. Here was a potential friend near her own age.

As she introduced them Mrs. Passmore said, "Having a family around keeps you young, Mrs. Barry. You live your own life over again through them."

"We'd be a sorry pair without our two," Aunt Lou agreed. "Even Bobs here, though he doesn't always communicate." She patted him affectionately on the shoulder and, boy-like, he squirmed away.

Halfway through dinner the phone rang. The nervous little maid, Eina, came back to point at Greta.

"For she," she said.

"I do hope that's Tom," Mrs. Passmore said when Greta had gone out. "It's several days now since he called, isn't it?"

"It was Monday afternoon," Aunt Lou said, "just before she went to have her hair done."

Mrs. Passmore turned to Audrey and Chuck, flatteringly confidential. Tom Burgess was assistant manager of the box factory that had been started by his grandfather. He was a very nice, very smart boy.

"We've always hoped that he and Greta—" She broke off as Greta came back into the room. "Tom, dear?" she asked.

Audrey imagined that there was a flick of annoyance in Greta's nod, as if she disliked having her personal affairs mentioned before strangers. Aunt Lou changed the subject by asking, "Are you getting yourselves pretty well settled?" and Mrs. Passmore followed her lead.

"That parsonage," she said, "is such an awkward place to do anything with. Those long narrow windows and that inconvenient kitchen."

"It's beautifully bright, though," Audrey said quickly.

Greta looked up with sudden interest.

"It must be fun," she said, "just the two of you and a little house."

A look flew between her mother and Aunt Lou that her quick observant eyes caught, and Audrey had a curious impression that she squirmed inwardly from it as Bobs had from the touch on his shoulder.

When Audrey and Chuck left and they all came to the door, Mrs. Passmore stood slightly ahead of the others. Aunt Lou was just behind, as if she had spent a lifetime like that, peering over her sister's shoulder. Bobs lounged against the door frame, but as the final good-bys were sung out, it was Greta's silhouette that Audrey remembered most clearly—a slim, slender-waisted figure with clasped arms, seeming to withhold itself tightly from the family group.

"Well, that's that," Chuck said, linking his arm in hers. "Who says the Passmores can be difficult?"

Audrey glanced up quickly. "Is that what they say?"

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Real chicken broth like Grandma used to make. Oodles of nourishing egg noodles—cut to easy spooning size. Lipton Chicken Noodle Soup is like the old-fashioned, slow-simmered kind, yet it takes only 7 minutes to cook with Lipton's magic "makings"!



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LIPTON SOUP MIXES

CHICKEN NOODLE
TOMATO VEGETABLE

"Not in so many words. But from the way Mr. Whittall brought her name up several times I thought—well, it only goes to show, doesn't it? You and Greta ought to get on well together. I noticed her trying to figure out whether you were human and deciding that you were."

Greta looked happy enough the next time Audrey saw her. Chuck had taken Audrey with him to call on some members who lived in a remote spot some miles from town. The sight of another car on a lonely side road was so surprising that Audrey craned her neck as it passed. Her first blurred impression was only of two people laughing together. An instant later she realized that her eye had registered details.

"That was Greta Passmore," she said to Chuck. "It must have been Tom with her. I wish I'd had a better look at him. They weren't seeing a soul but themselves."

"We know what that's like, don't we?" Chuck said.

It came as a surprise and a bit of a shock to Audrey to learn that Greta Passmore had little to do with the church. Apparently she left that to her mother.

"We've given up trying to get her out to things," Beryl Lindsay said, "and don't say we haven't tried. Some of the women were saying maybe now you were here things might be different."

When Audrey mentioned it to Chuck he said, "I've been wondering about her. Perhaps you could do something there."

Audrey took it seriously, as a kind of official assignment. At the first opportunity she went and rang the Passmore doorbell then suddenly wished she hadn't come. Where did you start on a mission like this? For a moment or two after the little maid let her in it looked as if things were going askew. Mrs. Passmore was out, but Aunt Lou was all ready to take charge. Then, as Audrey was explaining that it was Greta she had come to see, Greta herself came partway down the stairs and saved the situation.

"To see me?" she said. "Come on up to my room, Mrs. Barry."

Greta's room was at the back of the house, all windows and strikingly patterned cretonnes against a background of silvery grey and sunny yellow.

"Isn't this lovely," Audrey cried, staring about her at this entirely new aspect of Greta Passmore.

"You like it?" Greta's pleasure in the approval was obvious. She shut the door behind them as if banishing the muffled richness of the rest of the house. "Have this chair by the window. You can see the Ridge from here."

She curled up against the cushions of the continental bed. Her naturalness and frankness were in such contrast to her aloofness the night of the dinner that Audrey said impulsively, "I guess you and Tom were too absorbed to see us a week ago Thursday up in the back concessions."

To her consternation Greta caught her breath sharply. She shoved herself upright and studied Audrey for a long minute through narrowed eyes.

"That wasn't Tom," she said flatly. "It was George Hilderson, if you'd like to know."

Her manner puzzled Audrey as much as her information.

"Should I know him?" Audrey asked.

"George Hilderson, I mean?"

"You've never even heard of him?" Greta's surprise matched hers. "Don't worry. You will. He used to live here, but he's working in Toronto. Just forget that you saw us." She relaxed against the cushions again. "Do you hate being a minister's wife?"

"Goodness, no!"

Greta propped herself up on an elbow, her eyes gleaming with mischief.

"I'll bet you call the minister Chuck

when nobody's around. Someday I'm going to shock him by coming out with it."

"Go ahead," Audrey laughed. "But don't be disappointed if there aren't fireworks. We've discovered that trying to shock the minister's family is a favorite indoor and outdoor sport."

"You know," Greta said unexpectedly, "I think you'd like George."

Their eyes met and Audrey felt friendship beginning to flower delicately between them. In the same

instant a knock at the door heralded Greta's mother.

"Aunt Lou told me I'd find you here," she said, coming in and settling herself in a chair near Audrey. "Now what have you two been chattering about?" She looked invitingly from one to the other. "Clothes? Beaus? You must have had plenty of beaus to choose from, Mrs. Barry."

Before Audrey could make reply Aunt Lou poked her head in.

Continued on page 55

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his cake comes high—in everything but cost! High in the slice—perfectly risen with Magic. High in good looks, good eating, and food energy!

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Baking Powder. At less than 1¢ per average baking, Magic protects your investment and your success!

MAGIC PEANUT-BUTTER CAKE

2 1/2 cups once-sifted pastry flour
or 2 1/4 cups once-sifted
all-purpose flour
4 tbsps. Magic Baking Powder
1/2 tsp. salt
9 tbsps. butter or margarine

1/2 cup peanut butter
1 1/4 cups lightly-packed brown sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1 cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla

Grease three 8-inch round layer-cake pans and line bottoms with greased paper. Preheat oven to 375° (moderately hot). Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together three times. Cream butter or margarine and peanut butter together; gradually blend in brown sugar. Add well-beaten eggs part at a time, beating well after each addition. Measure milk and add vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of milk and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into prepared pans. Bake in preheated oven about 20 minutes. Put cold cakes together with part of the following Peanut-Butter Chocolate Icing. Cover cake with remaining icing and decorate with salted whole peanuts.

PEANUT-BUTTER CHOCOLATE ICING: Cream together 4 tbsps. butter or margarine and 4 tbsps. peanut butter; add few grains salt. Work in 3 1/2 cups sifted icing sugar alternately with about 9 tbsps. scalded cream, stirring in 2 ounces melted unsweetened chocolate after part of cream has been added and using just enough cream to make an icing of spreading consistency; beat in 1/2 tsp. vanilla.

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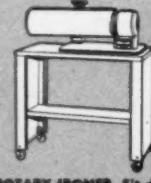
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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

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MAJOR APPLIANCE DEPARTMENT, MONTREAL

MI-452



Raspberry Meringues to win a Dessert Bridge.

HIGH-SCORING BRIDGE PARTY MENUS

By Peggy Stroud, Chatelaine Institute

You'll score a grand slam if you try any of these six delicious recipe-menu combinations for your next luncheon, afternoon or evening bridge

THE DESSERT BRIDGE

When you ask the girls over for dessert with bridge to follow, dazzle them with a really glamorous creation. Here are two suggestions that taste every bit as luscious as they look.

1
Pineapple Mint Bavarian
Mixed Nuts
Coffee

2
Raspberry Meringues
Spice Bar Cookies
Coffee

PINEAPPLE MINT BAVARIAN

2 dozen lady fingers or strips of sponge cake	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
1 tablespoon unflavored gelatine	3 eggs, separated
	1/3 cup sugar
	1/4 teaspoon salt

1 tablespoon lemon juice	2 tablespoons sugar
1 (20-ounce) can crushed pineapple, drained	1/2 cup crushed peppermint stick candy
1/4 teaspoon mint extract	Few drops red coloring (optional)
1 cup evap. orated milk	

Brush the sides and bottom of an 8-inch tube pan lightly with cooking oil. Line with lady fingers or strips of spongecake.

Soften gelatine in cold water and melt over hot water. Beat egg yolks slightly in top of double boiler. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, the salt, lemon juice and crushed pineapple. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thickened. Remove from heat and mix in melted gelatine and mint extract. Cool.

Place evaporated milk in refrigerator freezing tray and freeze until crystals

begin to form around the edges. Whip until stiff. Make a meringue by beating the egg whites with 2 tablespoons sugar.

Fold whipped evaporated milk, the meringue, crushed candy and red coloring into the cooled custard mixture. Pour into tube pan and chill until set. Unmold on your prettiest plate to serve. Makes 8 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

MERINGUES

Few grains salt	Few drops
1/4 teaspoon vinegar	vanilla
	2 egg whites
	2/3 cup sugar

Add salt, vinegar and vanilla to egg whites. Beat until stiff enough to form peaks. Beat in sugar 1 tablespoon at a time. After all sugar is added continue to beat until mixture is quite smooth (5 minutes). Spoon into 4 mounds onto aluminum foil (or waxed paper) on a baking sheet. Swirl each meringue so there will be a hollow in the centre. Bake in a slow oven (300 deg. F.) for 40 minutes or until dry and firm. Remove from paper at once and cool on a wire rack. Makes 4 meringues.

How to serve: 1. Fill centres with fresh or frozen berries and top with whipped cream.

2. Fill centres with ice cream and garnish with canned or fresh fruit.
3. Fill the centres with a lemon filling made with the egg yolks. Sprinkle with chopped nuts or toasted coconut.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

THE LUNCHEON BRIDGE

Praise-winning food with little last-minute preparation—that's the secret for a successful luncheon. With either of the following menus, you can be company-ready when the doorbell rings.

1

Shrimp Fricassee
Tossed Salad Bowl
Cheese Straws
Cranberry Marlow
Tea or Coffee

2

Fruit Salad Platter
Maraschino Honey Dressing
Toasted Cheese Dreams
Heavenly Chocolate Tarts
Tea or Coffee

SHRIMP FRICASSEE

2 (5-ounce) cans shrimp	2 cups evaporated milk
1 tablespoon lemon juice	1 (10-ounce) can cream of mushroom soup
4 tablespoons butter or margarine	2 cups cooked rice
1/2 cup chopped celery	1/4 cup toasted slivered almonds (optional)
2 tablespoons chopped onion	Potato chips or buttered crumbs
4 tablespoons flour	
1/2 teaspoon pepper	

Drain shrimp and sprinkle with lemon juice. Melt butter or margarine in top of double boiler over direct heat. Add celery and onion and cook till tender. Blend in flour and pepper and then evaporated milk and mushroom soup. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly till thick. Fold in rice, almonds, shrimp and lemon juice. Pour into

greased 3-quart size casserole or 8 individual casseroles. Cover with potato chips or buttered crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) until heated through (30 to 40 minutes). **Note:** Make this first thing after breakfast if you wish and store in the refrigerator until time to bake. Serves 8.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CRANBERRY MARLOW

1/2 pound marshmallows (30 to 32)	pineapple, drained
2 cups cranberry sauce	2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 (20-ounce) can crushed	1 cup cream or evaporated milk, whipped

Snip marshmallows into pieces. Mix in cranberry sauce, crushed pineapple and lemon juice. Fold in whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk. Pile in sherbet glasses and chill. Garnish each with a whole cherry and a sprig of mint. Makes 8 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

FRUIT SALAD PLATTER

Cover platter or tray with crisp greens. Heap bunches of Tokay grapes in centre and around them arrange the following fruits in groups.

Quartered bananas dipped in mayonnaise and rolled in toasted coconut
Peach halves filled with tart jelly
Wedges of red apple dipped in lemon juice
Pineapple cubes
Orange and grapefruit sections
Sprig with mint or watercress and serve with Maraschino Honey Dressing.

MARASCHINO HONEY DRESSING

1 1/2 tablespoons cornstarch	maraschino cherries
1/4 cup honey	2 tablespoons maraschino cherry juice
3/4 cup orange juice	1/2 cup cream, whipped (optional)
2 tablespoons lemon juice	
2 tablespoons cut-up	

Combine cornstarch, honey and orange juice in top of double boiler and cook over hot water stirring until mixture is very thick and smooth. Remove from heat. Mix in lemon juice, maraschino cherries and juice and cool. Makes about 1 1/4 cups.

Fold in whipped cream just before serving if desired, or dressing may be thinned with a little fruit juice.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

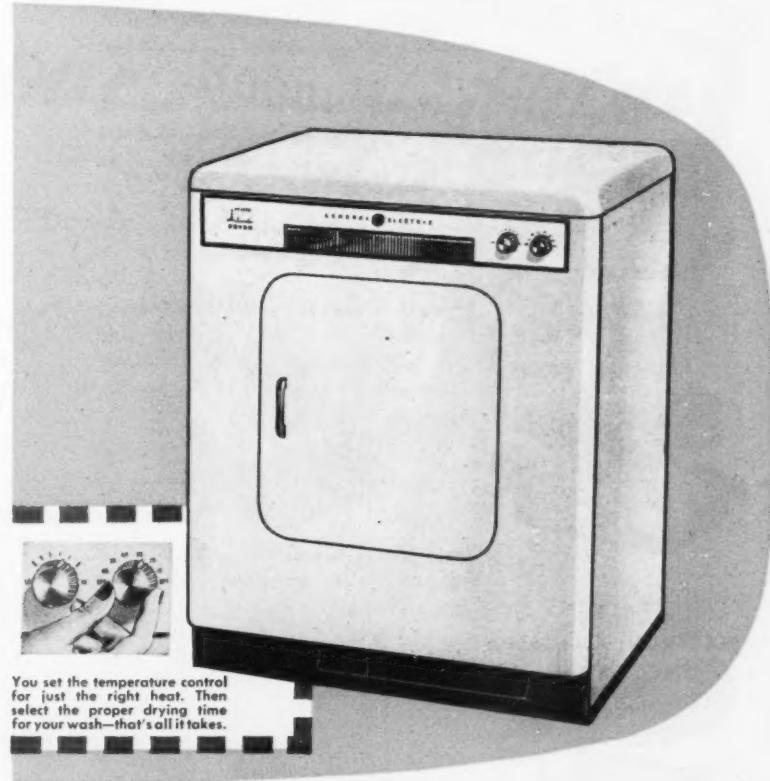
HEAVENLY CHOCOLATE TARTS

8 (2 1/2-inch) baked tart shells	1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped
1/4 pound marshmallows (15 to 16)	1 square unsweetened chocolate, grated
1/2 cup milk	1/4 cup shredded coconut
Few grains salt	Few drops green coloring
1/8 teaspoon vanilla	

Heat marshmallows and milk together over boiling water until marshmallows are melted. Add salt and vanilla. Cool until slightly thickened. Then fold in whipped cream and grated chocolate. Pile into cooled baked tart shells and chill until set. Tint coconut by shaking in a covered jar with a few drops of food coloring until color is uniform. Sprinkle coconut over tarts and top with chocolate decorative. Makes 8.

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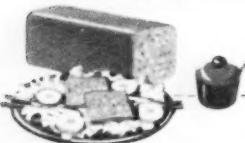
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VISKING LIMITED, LINDSAY, ONTARIO

AFTER-BRIDGE REFRESHMENTS

Try these for happy endings to a game of bridge. One is light; the other hot and hearty. Ideal for mixed parties, too.

1
Chicken Hawaiian Potato Chips
Buttered Fruit Bread
Cheese Tray
Tea or Coffee

2
Hot Stuffed Frankfurter Rolls
Dill Pickles
Crisp Relishes
Orange Cake
Ice Cream
Tea or Coffee

CHICKEN HAWAIIAN

Arrange crisp lettuce on a plate for each person. Nestle 2 pineapple slices side by side on lettuce and top with slices of cold chicken. Have Hawaiian Sauce ready to pour over chicken just before serving. Sprinkle with toasted coconut and garnish with carrot curls and ripe olives.

HAWAIIAN SAUCE

1 cup pineapple juice	1/4 cup slivered almonds
2 teaspoons cornstarch	

Blend pineapple juice and cornstarch and cook, stirring constantly until thick and clear. Mix in slivered almonds and cool. Makes 4 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

HOT STUFFED FRANKFURTER ROLLS

8 frankfurter rolls	3/4 cup grated cheese
5 hard cooked eggs, chopped	3 tablespoons catsup
1/4 cup minced green pepper	2 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
1 tablespoon minced parsley	Salt and pepper
Few drops onion juice	8 strips bacon

Split and hollow out the rolls slightly. Combine remaining ingredients except the bacon. Fill rolls with egg mixture. Pan fry the bacon and lay one strip along the top of each roll (fasten in place with toothpicks). Place rolls in shallow roasting pan and heat through in a moderate oven (325 deg. F.) Makes 8 rolls.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

EASY WAYS TO ADD A NEW NOTE TO YOUR PARTIES

1. A special hot-bread will add sparkle to your party. Split and butter crusty rolls, sprinkle with Parmesan cheese and toast in a slow oven.

2. Try new sandwich combinations like diced crisp bacon in a cheese spread, crushed pineapple and diced green pepper with flaked fish, or maraschino cherries in cream cheese on fruit or nut bread.

3. Delight your guests with a special pickle, like cheese-stuffed dills cut in slices.

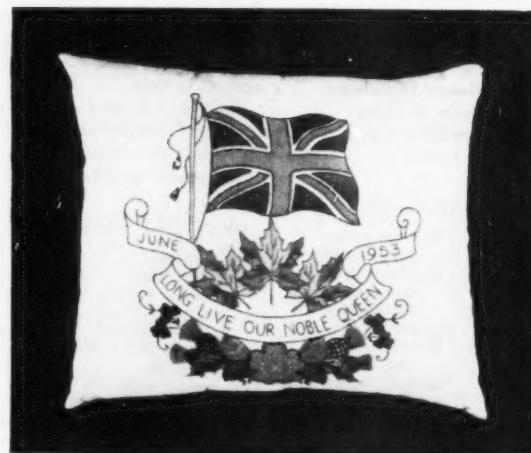
4. Or add new flavor in your salad dressing. Try mixing cut-up mint patties with a marshmallow dressing for fruit salad.

5. Cheese pastries are delicious with salads or fruit desserts. Make regular pastry using 2 cups flour and adding 2 1/2 cup grated cheese to dry ingredients. Roll out and cut in strips or with cookie cutters. Bake in very hot oven.

6. Stuff celery with minced or devilled ham for a colorful and different garnish.

7. Frosted grapes are party pretty and easy to make. Dip small bunches into egg white beaten until frothy, shake gently and then dip twice in powdered sugar. Dry on a rack.

8. Ice cream is particularly festive served in real chocolate cups that can be eaten. To make 4 chocolate cups melt 3 ounces of semi-sweet chocolate with 1 tablespoon butter. Stir until thick. Cool slightly and spread over entire inside surface of paper baking cups. Chill until firm and tear off paper gently. *



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Chocolate Mocha Marvel

*A lip-smacking new delight made in a jiffy with
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M-m-m! It's a beauty, isn't it? But just wait 'til you taste it! Every luscious bite is so light, so moist, so rich-in-chocolate that you'll want to make *all* your chocolate cakes the Robin Hood Cake Mix way from now on.

And it is a different way than most mixes. *For you add your own fresh egg.* That's what gives you that tempting flavor, that extra richness that you can't possibly get with mixes that contain dried or powdered eggs.

Follow the easy directions on side panel of the Robin Hood Chocolate Cake Mix package. Bake in two 8-inch layers as directed.

Mocha Icing: Cream 4 tablespoons of soft butter until fluffy; add 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Combine 5 tablespoons of strong coffee with 2 tablespoons of evaporated milk or heavy cream and 1 tablespoon of cocoa. Add alternately with 4 cups of sifted icing sugar and beat until smooth and creamy.

*When you add your
own fresh egg, you
know it's fresh!*

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Robin Hood Fresh Egg Cake Mixes

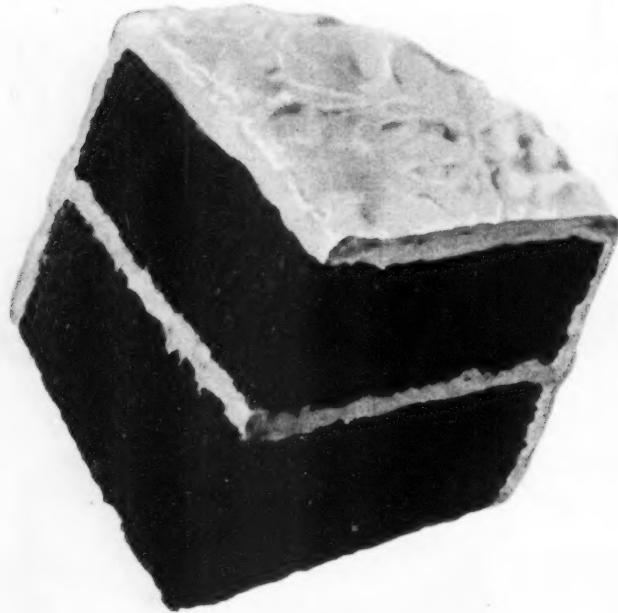
only Robin Hood Fresh Egg Cake Mixes give you such richness, such tenderness



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Cocoa Cake
For best results have all ingredients at room temperature.
1 1/2 cups sifted cake flour 3/4 cup Domestic Shortening
3 teaspoons baking powder 1 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon salt 2 Maple Leaf Eggs
1 1/2 cups sugar 1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup cocoa
Sift all dry ingredients together into bowl. Add Domestic and 3/4 cup milk. Beat 300 strokes by hand or 2 minutes at medium speed of electric mixer. Add eggs, 1/4 cup milk and vanilla. Beat again as above. Bake in 2-8 inch pans at 350°F. for 30-35 minutes.

Salmon Favorites

Continued from page 21

No. 4—STEAMED SALMON STEAKS WITH EGG SAUCE

2 pounds salmon steaks Salt and pepper
Lemon juice (optional)

Have steaks cut into 6 serving-size pieces. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and lemon juice if desired. Line bottom and sides of a steamer with a sheet of cooking parchment paper, place fish on bottom (one layer deep) and fold parchment paper over to keep in juices. OR, place steaks on large plate, wrap in cheesecloth and place in steamer. Place over boiling water and steam for 15 minutes or until fish flakes easily when tested with a fork. Serve hot with Egg Sauce made by combining 2 chopped hard-cooked eggs with 1 cup medium cream sauce. Serves 6.

Note: 1. Frozen steaks may be cooked without thawing, but additional cooking time is necessary.

2. To cut steaks from frozen fish, allow to thaw in the refrigerator until defrosted sufficiently to cut in serving pieces.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

No. 5—SALMON CUTLETS

1 cup cooked or canned salmon, flaked	1/2 teaspoon salt 1/8 teaspoon pepper
2 cups seasoned mashed potatoes	1/2 teaspoon Worcester- shire sauce
2 tablespoons chopped onion	1 egg, beaten
1 tablespoon chopped parsley	Dry bread crumbs

Combine all ingredients except bread crumbs in the order given. Mix until thoroughly blended. Chill. Shape salmon mixture into cutlets, then roll in bread crumbs. Sauté in a little fat until they are lightly browned on both sides and heated through. Serve with tomato or creole sauce. Makes 4 to 6 large cutlets.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

No. 6—SALMON RICE LOAF

2 tablespoons melted butter	1 tablespoon minced onion
3 cups cooked rice	1 cup medium cream sauce
1 cup cooked or canned salmon, flaked	1 egg, slightly beaten
1 tablespoon chopped parsley	1/2 teaspoon Worcester- shire sauce
Dash curry powder (optional)	

Combine melted butter and rice. Grease a 1 1/2 quart size mold or loaf pan and line it with rice, reserving 1/2 cup to go on the top. Mix together remaining ingredients. Fill the rice mold with this mixture, and spread remaining rice over top. Then place mold in pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) about 40 minutes or until done. Serve with a tomato, curry or parsley sauce if desired. Serves 4 to 6.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

No. 7—BAKED SALMON WITH CAPER SAUCE

3 to 4-pound piece of salmon 1/4 cup cooking oil or melted fat
Salt and pepper 1/4 cup lemon juice

Place piece of salmon in shallow, greased baking pan, skin side down. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and then with oil or fat combined with lemon juice. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) until tender. This will require 20 to 30 minutes depending on thickness of fish. (If fish becomes too brown before cooking period is up, reduce the heat.) Remove skin, place salmon on heated platter and cover with Caper Sauce made by adding 2 tablespoons chopped capers to 1 cup medium cream sauce. Serves 6.

Note: Frozen fish may be cooked without thawing, but additional cooking time is necessary.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

No. 8—SALMON A LA QUEEN

1 cup medium cream sauce	1/4 teaspoon Worcester- shire sauce
1 (10-ounce) can cream of mushroom soup	1/8 teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons chopped onion	2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
2 tablespoons chopped stuffed olives	2 cups cooked or canned salmon, flaked

Combine medium cream sauce and cream of mushroom soup. Add onion, olives, Worcestershire sauce, paprika, sliced eggs and flaked salmon. Season to taste. Heat over hot water. Serve on light tea biscuits, in pastry shells or with boiled rice. Garnish with pimento and parsley. Serves 6.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

No. 9—FRENCH TOAST SALMON SANDWICHES

1 cup cooked or canned salmon, flaked	Salt and pepper
1 tablespoon chopped onion	8 slices buttered bread
2 tablespoons	1 egg
1/2 cup milk	
Dash of salt	

Drain and flake salmon. Combine salmon, onion, mayonnaise, salt and pepper. Spread evenly on 4 slices buttered bread, top with remaining slices. Beat egg and combine with milk and salt. Pour into a flat dish. Dip sandwiches into milk-egg mixture. Sauté in hot fat until a delicate brown on each side. Serve hot with a garnish of parsley. Serves 4.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

No. 10—SALMON STUFFED POTATOES

6 baked potatoes	1/8 teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine	Warm milk
1 teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons minced onion
Few grains pepper	1 cup cooked or canned salmon, flaked

Cut baked potatoes in half lengthwise and scoop out centres carefully. Mash pulp, and add butter or margarine and seasonings. Add enough hot milk to give creamy consistency and whip until fluffy. Mix in minced onion and flaked salmon. Refill potato shells, brush with melted butter or sprinkle with grated cheese and bake in a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) until delicately browned. Serve with a tossed salad or a cooked green vegetable. Yield: 6 servings. ♦

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Continued from page 49

"Am I missing something?" she said. Neither of them seemed to notice any difference in Greta's manner. They went on talking about clothes and beaus almost as though they were girls themselves. Oddly enough, while allusions to Tom and anecdotes about him and Greta were plentiful, not once was there mention of a person called George. Didn't they know about him, Audrey wondered, or was he being deliberately overlooked, and why?

By chance part of the answer came through walking home from a meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary one afternoon with Beryl Lindsay. Beryl had to stop in at a small confectioner's shop and the name on the window registered with Audrey for the first time. "Hilderson's Bakery," it said.

When they came out she said, "That's not a common name."

"It's Norwegian," Beryl said. "They came out here when George, the eldest boy, was a baby. You've heard about him and Greta Passmore, of course."

"A bit," Audrey admitted.

"Oh." Beryl's eyes beamed behind her thick glasses. She loved briefing people. "Well, he's been crazy about her ever since high-school days, and when Mrs. P. got scared that it was the real thing with both of them there was a regular dust-up. Nobody knows exactly what happened, but George went to Toronto soon after and Greta's mother gave her that nice little convertible. Somehow, I can't bring myself to be civil to Greta, letting herself be bought off like that. George is a nice, decent kid."

Audrey, for fear of being classed as a

gossip, did not press Beryl for the answer to the one big question—what did Mrs. Passmore have against George? The amazing part of the whole affair was that she, Audrey, knew what nobody else did, that Greta had seen George Hilderson recently. If anyone else knew it, it would have been all over town by now.

"Now what do I do?" she asked Chuck. "I'm going to feel like a hypocrite the next time Mrs. Passmore goes lyrical about Greta and Tom."

Chuck rubbed the stubble on his chin, to which he was about to apply the razor.

"Nonsense," he said. "You aren't required to tell all you know. A little discretion goes a long way, I've discovered."

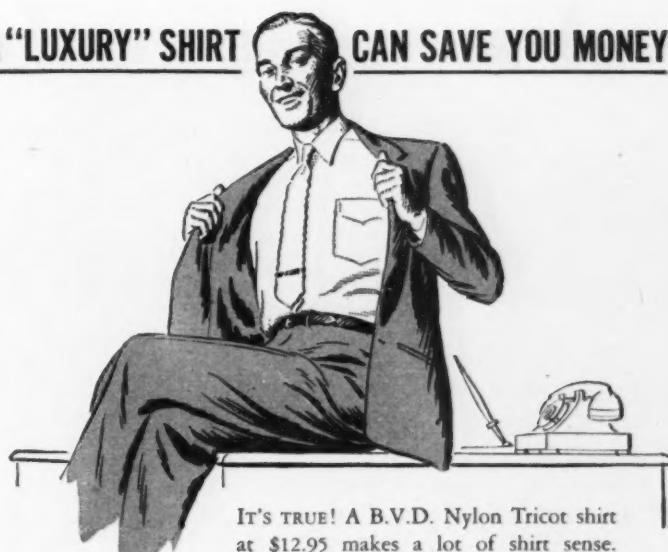
Audrey sighed.

"I'll learn in time, I suppose," she said.

She learned a lot of things she hadn't foreseen. She learned that a minister's wife doesn't choose her friends at will. She must let her friends choose her. She learned that there were times to speak her piece and times to refrain, even if her own ideas seemed more practical. The constant stress of human relationships and the delicacy of their balance were an entirely new experience. Especially when there was a Mrs. Passmore to be considered.

No matter what the Ladies' Auxiliary planned—a potluck supper or social club for the few European girls like Mrs. Passmore's Eina, who were working out their contracts in Jerviston—someone was sure to say, "Oh, I don't think we ought to go ahead with it

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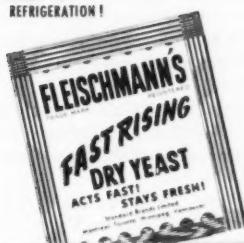
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BASIC CHEESE DOUGH

Scald

1 1/2 cups milk
3 tablespoons granulated sugar
2 teaspoons salt
3 tablespoons shortening
Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a large bowl
1/2 cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon granulated sugar and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of
1 envelope Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast
Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.
Stir in lukewarm milk mixture.

Stir in

2 1/2 cups once-sifted bread flour and beat until smooth and elastic; stir in
1 1/2 cups lightly-packed shredded old cheese

Work in

2 1/2 cups more (about) once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into portions and finish as follows:



1. CHEESE LOAF

Shape half a batch of dough into a loaf and fit into a greased bread pan about 4 1/2 by 8 1/2 inches. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375°, about 40 minutes—cover loaf with brown paper during latter part of baking to avoid crust becoming too brown.

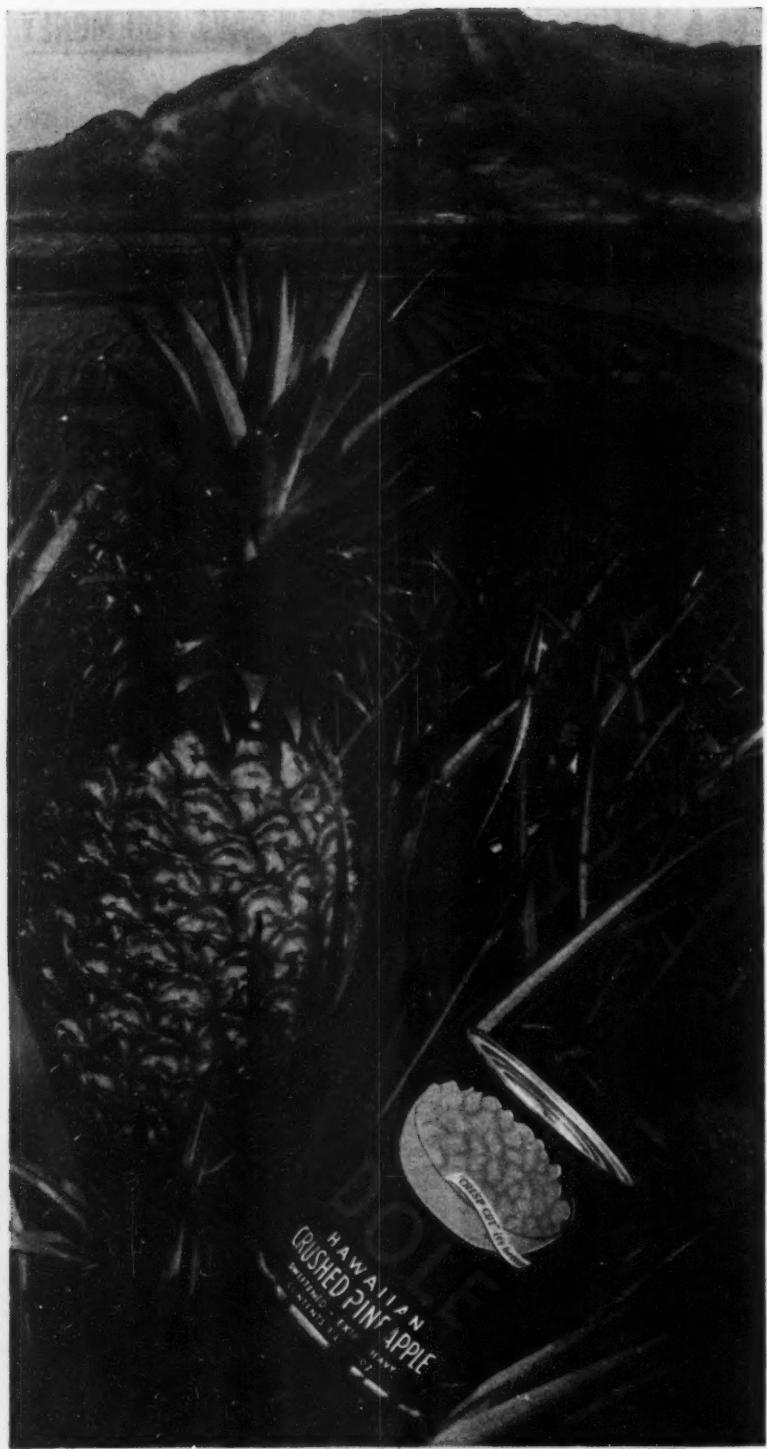
2. MARMALADE BRAID

Roll out a quarter of a batch of dough into an 8-inch square on a lightly-floured board; loosen dough. Spread with 1/4 cup marmalade and sprinkle with 1/4 cup chopped nutmeats. Roll up jelly-roll fashion; seal edge and ends. Roll out into an oblong 9 inches long and 3 inches wide; loosen dough.

Cut oblong into 3 lengthwise strips to within an inch of one end. Braid strips, seal the ends and tuck them under braid. Place on greased cookie sheet. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375°, about 20 minutes.

3. CHEESE BREAD STICKS

Cut a quarter of a batch of dough into 12 equal-sized pieces and roll, one at a time, into slim strips about 7 inches long. Brush strips with water and roll lightly in cornmeal. Place, well apart, on greased cookie sheet. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375°, about 10 minutes.



PINEAPPLE FIELDS ON OAHU, PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTON BRUEHL

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before we ask Mrs. Passmore what she thinks." When Audrey discovered that Mrs. Passmore wasn't a member of the Auxiliary she innocently asked why, when they were all agreed, they shouldn't go ahead on their own.

"Mrs. Passmore likes to be consulted," Mrs. Brooke, the president, said after exchanging glances and raised eyebrows with the secretary.

Disciplining herself to outer meekness Audrey seethed inwardly. When she got home she tried working it off on blueberry muffins for supper.

"Why they have to be so scared of anything that hasn't Mrs. Passmore's okay, I just can't understand," she said to Chuck.

"You have to get their angle on it," he said. "No Mrs. Passmore, no large contributions to the minister's salary, no church heating bill paid, no extras here and there. Therefore she must be kept in a good humor. See?"

Audrey was still mutinous. "Money shouldn't give anyone so much influence, especially in a church. Sooner or later somebody will have to stand up to her."

"You're right in principle," Chuck said. "But when people and principles are all tied in together, you can't go blasting them apart. In this business of ours the only way to make haste is by not rushing things. How is your friend Greta coming along?"

"I hardly see her," Audrey confessed. That visit to Greta seemed to have accomplished exactly nothing. From the moment Mrs. Passmore and Aunt Lou walked in on them the promise of friendship had ended. Audrey regretted it deeply for her own sake. So much of her time was necessarily spent with older people or with children, and she missed being able to laugh and talk over trifles with someone her own age. But as the weeks passed an occasional meeting on Main Street or a wave of the hand as Greta flew by in her convertible, was as far as it went. Sometimes Tom was with her, sometimes not. Audrey had heard no more about George Hilderson since the day she and Beryl were in the bakery. She had come to the conclusion he and Greta must have met by chance that September afternoon and felt, illogically, that anyone who could be bought off wouldn't have been a friend she would enjoy anyway.

The afternoon she and Chuck drove forty miles over to Westlake, on the main railway line, to meet Dr. Stacy. Stacy changed all that. Dr. Stacy was to preach at the anniversary services, and as she and Chuck were steering him through the Saturday afternoon mobs on the station platform toward where the car was parked, they bumped into Greta. Chuck and Dr. Stacy were too absorbed in talk to notice one more bump. So, apparently, was Greta. That towering, fair-haired boy, with an arm linked tightly in Greta's and a hungry look in his eyes, was George Hilderson. So Greta couldn't be bought off. That meeting wasn't by chance. Perfectly easy for them to meet here, spend a few hours together, and for him to go back on the midnight train. Mrs. Passmore, Tom, Beryl, all of Jerviston, didn't know what Audrey knew. So what?

Greta herself brought the answer to that when the stir of the anniversary week end had subsided. She was the last person Audrey expected to see when she answered the doorbell on Tuesday morning.

"Are you alone?" she asked, peering around Audrey's shoulder.

"Yes. Come in. Do you mind the kitchen? I'm in the midst of a batch of cookies."

Greta perched herself on the high stool at the end of the table and Audrey left it to her to open the round. The flush in her cheeks might have been from the sharpness of the morning, or from the tenseness that betrayed itself in the constant flicking of her eyelids. She reached across to sample a morsel of the rich dough and said suddenly, "I suppose you think I'm a tramp or something."

Audrey brushed a strand of hair back from her forehead with a floury hand.

"Why should I?"

"How can you help it when you know my mother thinks I'm failing in love with Tom to please her and that I see George on the sly."

Her lower lip went up into that straight line again and Audrey thought, "The poor youngster. She's like me. She needs someone she can talk to without having to watch her step. Only she needs it more than I do, because I have Chuck."

Audrey set the cookies aside. They could wait. She pulled another stool to the table and sat down.

"Listen," she said. "All I'm sure of right now is that you'd rather have George than Tom, and for some reason your mother doesn't like George."

"And do you know why?" Greta demanded. "Not because he isn't fine and decent. No. Because making buns and tarts for a living isn't as good a background for a Passmore as making boxes, especially when the boxes had a two-generation start and came up with more money."

"I can't imagine your mother—" Audrey began, but Greta jumped up, shoving the stool from behind her.

"You don't know my mother," she said. Her eyes suddenly filled with tears. "You've got to help me."

"Of course I will," Audrey said, touched by the appeal. She could see herself having a firm, calm session with Mrs. Passmore on Greta's behalf. "What can I do?"

"If—anyone ever asks you if you saw me over at Westlake, or anywhere with George, say no."

Audrey stared. "I couldn't do that."

Greta's face hardened against her.

"You promised to help me," she accused.

"Lying is one thing I can't do," Audrey said. "Can't you see that?"

"All I see," Greta began to button up her coat, "is that you're like everybody else, scared to stand up to my mother."

Piqued for the moment, Audrey said, "Why don't you stand up to her yourself?"

Greta whirled on her.

"Do you know what it is never to have any privacy, even in your own mind?" she asked. "To have to hide even little things so you can enjoy them without everyone pawing them over? Don't you see I'm being sucked dry to provide emotional pleasure for a couple of parasites? Aunt Lou's as bad as mother."

Audrey shut her eyes. As a revelation of Greta's state of mind it was shocking enough. Far worse was the fact that it could be true.

"It's every bit as wicked as cannibal-

ism." Now that she had started, Greta seemed unable to stop. "And you're too good to save me from one little bit of it. A lie's no worse than bowing down before my mother because she gives a few dollars to the church for the sake of hearing people say how wonderful she is. It's nothing but a monument to her glory. That's what she lives for," Greta ended bitterly, "that and renewing her youth through her family. No wonder I'm driven to pretend about Tom, then sneak over to Westlake now and then for a few measly hours with George—"

Helplessly Audrey watched her go, feeling herself an utter failure. All at once Greta's problem had mushroomed into a kind of tangled road-block that could neither be ignored nor shoved aside. More than that, it was Audrey's problem. She couldn't burden Chuck with it.

Crowding quickly on top of that came a visit from Greta's mother, her first to the parsonage. She wanted to be shown everything, from the linen cupboard upstairs to the pantry downstairs and Audrey had to discipline her thoughts. She mustn't let herself be influenced by anything that Greta had said the other day.

"You've done wonders," Mrs. Passmore said as they returned to the living room. "One of these days we'll have to see about a bit of remodeling, a planned kitchen, or say a bow window in here instead of those three narrow windows. How would you like that?"

"It would be very nice," Audrey admitted, and had an instant impression that Mrs. Passmore was disappointed in the moderation of her reply.

"We'll see," Mrs. Passmore said. She laid her gloves precisely on the arm of her chair and Audrey's heart began to thump unevenly as she came to what was evidently the real reason for her visit. "I'm very happy," she said, "that you and Greta are so friendly. There are so few of her own tastes and background in Jerviston. Most of them, of course, run off to take jobs in the cities, but Greta is a home girl. She and I have always been unusually close, especially since her father died but at times I am quite anxious about her. If she should ever—tell you anything that you feel I ought to know, don't hesitate to come to me. Will you promise me that?"

She tilted her head, and by a queer trick of lighting the smoothness of her face was broken by lines and shadows that in anyone else Audrey would have thought sensual and cruel.

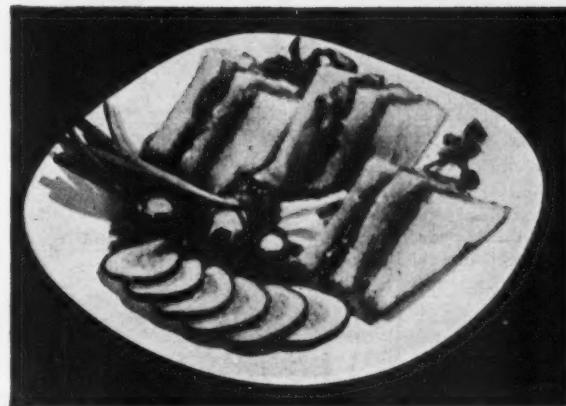
She heard herself say with astonishing poise, "Charles and I have always felt, Mrs. Passmore, that anything told us in confidence must be kept that way. I'm sure you understand."

"Oh, quite." Mrs. Passmore neither sounded nor looked convinced as she picked up her gloves and prepared to leave. Her final comment was "You're very young for such a responsible position, Mrs. Barry, aren't you?"

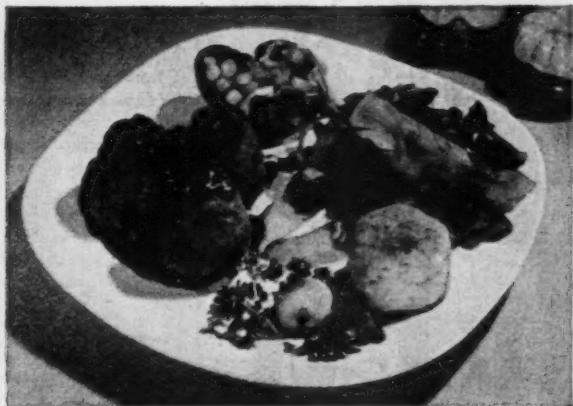
Audrey watched her go, thinking despairingly, What a mess I seem to make of things. Here she was, ready to be friends with anybody and do what she could to back her husband in his work, and what happened? She had been asked to lie, she had been bribed with a promise of remodeling the parsonage to tell tales, and without any effort or inclination on her part had become an accessory to a clandestine love affair.

The nagging sense that somehow she

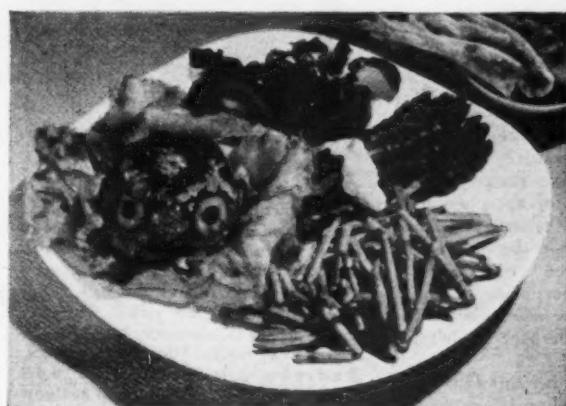
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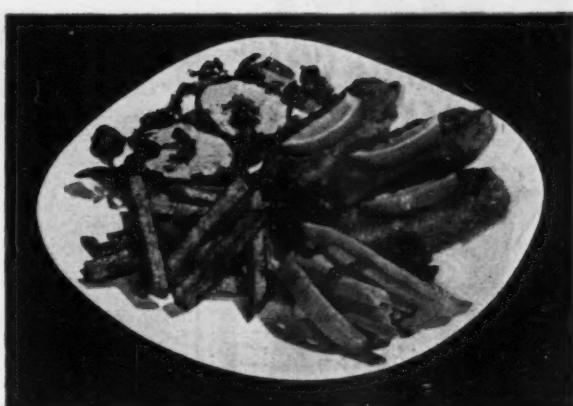
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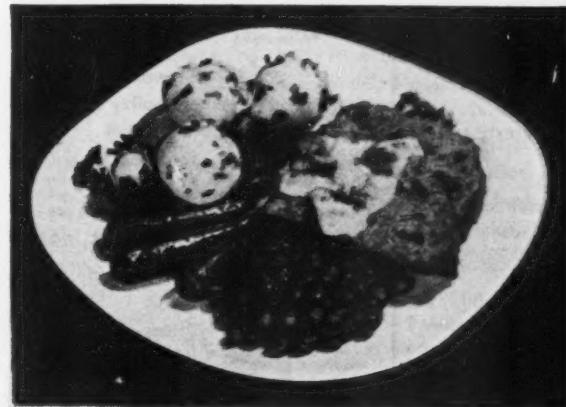
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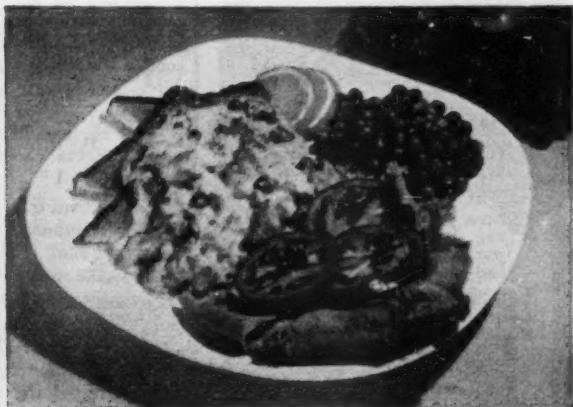
JELLED SALAD. Make a jellied Canned Salmon mould crunchy with celery and green pepper, cool and refreshingly tart with lemon juice. It's grand for company. Make the day before, then turn out on lettuce. Add quartered tomatoes, crisp shoestring potatoes, and cooked, cooled asparagus spears, marinated in French dressing.



CANNED SALMON FISH CAKES. Low cost and luscious sauteed salmon slices. Try Canned Salmon fish cakes this delicious new way. Add flaked Canned Salmon to cooked cornmeal. Pack into loaf pan to cool. When ready, cut in slices, dip in egg and cracker crumbs and fry golden brown. A wholesome family meal—a dinner guest treat.



CANNED SALMON LOAF. One bowl and a little mixing makes this the easiest ever salmon dish. Combine your favorite Canned Salmon loaf recipe with a little minced green pepper to zip it up. Bake until golden brown, serve with hot mushroom sauce made by heating a can of mushroom soup. Easy and oh so good!



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had failed Greta followed Audrey and weighed heavily upon her until one beautiful Indian summer day they met face to face on the post-office steps.

"Hello there," Greta said, as if nothing had ever come between them, and Audrey felt immediately that the burden was lifted. Greta gave a quick look around, then came closer to say confidentially, "Pray for this weather to last for a few more hours. I'm off to Westlake." A moment later, with a radiant smile and, "Be seeing you!" she sent the convertible speeding along the street.

Clandestine or not, Audrey's sympathies were all with her. If she had been a free agent she could have telephoned Greta within a day or two to hear how the afternoon went. But under the circumstances she could only depend on that final, promissory, "Be seeing you."

The day Greta came was one of those November specials, all bleakness and grey damp. Audrey was feeling a bit like that herself. Chuck had left that morning for a conference in Toronto, their first separation, and the twenty-four hours he would be away loomed ahead of her like so many weeks. She was glad that she had a committee meeting and mission band to keep her busy.

She had scarcely finished dinner when the doorbell rang insistently. Greta was the last person she expected to see.

"Oh, isn't this nice of you," she began, then stopped abruptly. The girl who stared at her from the doorstep wasn't the joyous creature who had flashed off to Westlake scarcely two weeks ago. A tinge of apprehension ran through Audrey. "What is it?" she asked quickly. "You'd better come inside."

"It's George," Greta said, and at mention of his name the hollows beneath her eyes seemed to darken. "He's—sick, terribly sick."

"Oh, my dear!" Audrey drew the girl into Chuck's study and switched off all the lights but the shaded one on his desk.

"Now tell me," she said.

In broken phrases, heavy with hopelessness, Greta told her. It was 'flu. That is, at first. Now it had turned to something worse. The hospital had telephoned through to George's mother. She had told Greta. George's mother knew about him and Greta. Greta sneaked in to see her every so often. They were both nearly crazy with anxiety.

"But she had him for nearly twenty years," Greta choked. "I've hardly had him at all."

Audrey bent over to catch her hands. "We'll telephone the hospital from here," she said. "Then you won't have to lie awake wondering."

Greta shook her head. "I did," she said. "From the bakery. Just before I came here. But they never tell you anything. I can't stand it." She looked wildly around the book-lined walls as if they were bars. "I've got to be with him. I've got to go to him."

Realization swept over Audrey. This was it. Either she told Greta to go ahead—there was a local from Jerviston that connected with the through midnight train at Westlake—or persuaded her to go home and see what could be done tomorrow. As a girl,



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young and in love herself, knowing how she would feel if Chuck were sick and away from her, every instinct urged her to say, "Yes. Go to him. I'll see you to the station. No. Wait. I'll go to Toronto with you. Better not give the town too much to talk about."

But she was also a minister's wife. Ministers' wives were not supposed to encourage rebellion against constituted authority. They were not supposed to take sides with children against their parents.

Greta had risen from her chair, feverishly waiting for Audrey to say what she wanted to hear.

"God help me, I want to say it, too," Audrey thought. People were what mattered, not rules. She moistened her dry lips, and Greta, unable to wait, burst out, "Nobody can stop me. I've got a right to be with him. Look." She swung her bag around by its shoulder strap, reached in and with shaking fingers drew out a stiff oblong of paper.

Even before her startled eyes took in the wording on it, Audrey knew what it was. Ever since the day Greta had told her she was on her way to Westlake, some premonition of this had been lurking in her subconscious mind. A sigh of partial relief left her feeling deflated. At least the present difficulty was nearer solution.

"Yes," she said, "this gives you the right—"

Again Greta broke in. "Then you'll let me stay here with you until train time?"

Audrey hesitated. "You'll have to tell your mother first," she said.

"Oh, no!" Greta's stricken face whitened. "The minute I get my courage screwed up to face her, I can't say a word. Couldn't you tell her—afterward?"

"That wouldn't be fair. I think you owe it to her to tell her before you go."

Greta slumped back into the chair, pressing her temples with her fingers.

"I can't," she moaned.

Audrey drew a deep breath. "I'll go with you."

Her courage wasn't much stronger than Greta's by the time they reached the Passmore house. Fortunately Mrs. Passmore was alone in the living room. She looked up, her smile for Greta quickly fading as she saw Audrey with her. Greta made a convulsive move, as if she would turn and run, but Audrey had a firm hand on her arm.

"Greta has something to tell you, Mrs. Passmore," she said, seeing that Greta was incapable of making a start herself. "Well?"

"George"—it was almost a mumble, but audible—"George is sick."

Mrs. Passmore's eyes glinted. "Need that concern us?" *

"I think it does, Mrs. Passmore." Audrey tried to keep the nervousness from showing in her voice.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Barry, but my daughter can speak for herself."

But Greta was beyond speaking. Once more she fumbled in her bag, and stiffly, at arm's length, handed the oblong of paper to her mother.

The stillness of the room became unendurable. Finally Mrs. Passmore lifted her head, and again Audrey saw in her face the lines that had been revealed that afternoon at the parsonage.

"If Mrs. Barry will excuse us—" she said.

It was a deliberate, cold dismissal.

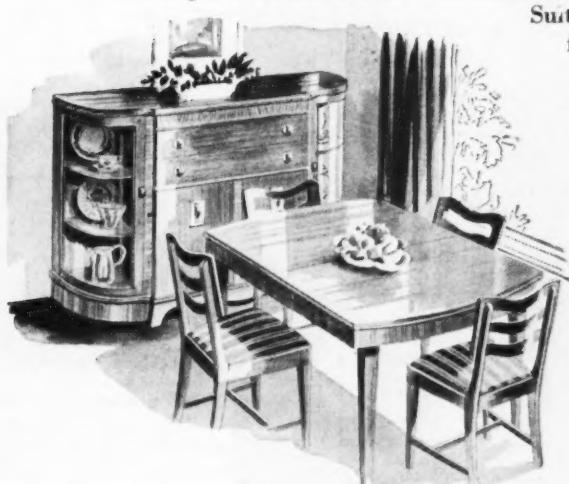


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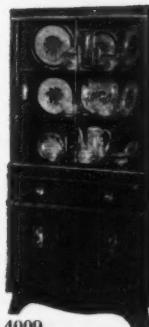
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Under her hand Audrey felt Greta's involuntary reflex of alarm. She summoned every scrap of courage she possessed. She had always said someone ought to stand up to Mrs. Passmore.

"George Hilderson is seriously ill," she said. "Wisely or unwisely, Greta and he are married. She wants to go to him. Under the circumstances I think she should."

"You think she should," Mrs. Passmore lashed at her.

"Oh, mother," Greta cried brokenly, "there's nothing I'd have liked better than to tell you, to have you understand, but—"

Mrs. Passmore stopped her with a gesture.

"Don't add to my humiliation, I beg of you. I'll see you later in your room. Tomorrow we can decide what ought to be done."

Greta flung her hands out helplessly and turned to Audrey. Until that moment Audrey had been unable to believe that when it came right down to the inevitable, Mrs. Passmore would not let Greta go. She made a quick decisive move.

"Go and pack a few things," Audrey said. "Go on. I'll wait and go to the station with you."

"Greta Passmore" — her mother's voice was high and choked with fury — "I forbid you to leave this room."

But Greta had already fled.

"I'm terribly sorry," Audrey said. She meant it. Her fear had suddenly left her, and only sorrow for them both remained. "Don't you see, Mrs. Passmore, that if anything happened to him she would hate you all her life?"

She felt as if her words had died against a stone wall. Mrs. Passmore gave no sign that she was aware of her existence. Audrey went into the hall to wait for Greta.

When the conductor of the ten-fifteen local called "All aboard!" Greta bent suddenly from the bottom step of the car and kissed Audrey. Shaken, Audrey watched until the last glimmer of the tail lights vanished into darkness. Only then did the enormity of what she had done begin to roll blackly toward her like a menacing tide.

Chuck's train arrived about noon next day, the same local that had taken Greta up last night and waited over to connect with the overnight train from Toronto. Audrey could hardly wait for the moment to start to the station. But when Chuck stepped from the train, full of the conference and the old friends he had seen, she just couldn't swamp it all with unpleasant news. She would wait until they were home.

Before Chuck's key turned in the lock they heard the telephone shrilling. Audrey had a stabbing premonition. She should have told him on the way home. She stood with clenched fingers while Chuck answered it.

"That was Mr. Whittall," he said. "Wants me to drop in at the office to see him at my earliest convenience. He sounded upset. I wonder what's up."

"I—I think it's about me. Oh, Chuck."

She ran to cling to him, pressing her head against his shoulder, fighting desperately to keep from crying.

"What's all this, sweetheart?" He stroked her hair back from her forehead. "You couldn't possibly disrupt Mr. Whittall at any time, still less



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within the few hours I've been away."

"Oh, but I could. I did."

As she told him his face grew grave, and the sharpest fear of all stabbed her. Did he think she had done the only possible thing? Or did he think she had been inexcusably meddlesome? She didn't dare ask, not even when he came back from the visit to Mr. Whittall with the news that a deputation from the board would like to visit the parsonage that night.

"If convenient," he said. He tried to make a joke of it. "What do you suppose would happen if we said it wasn't?"

But he was worrying, too. Jerviston by this time was buzzing with rumors, highly sensational and mainly inaccurate except that Audrey was in some way responsible. She put supper on the table early and they tried to eat and talk as if it were an ordinary day, but both food and words stuck in their throats. Together they washed the dishes.

"I must fix that tap," Chuck said, and Audrey suddenly covered her face with her hands. "Oh, come," Chuck said. "Don't let a dripping tap get you down."

"It's crazy," Audrey said from behind her fingers, "but all at once it's like an old friend."

"Courage, soldier," Chuck said, putting his arms around her. "Where's that stout heart of yours?"

She needed it when at last the bell rang and she went to open the door. There were three of them, Mr. Whittall, Mr. Lindsay and Bob Makins, one of the country members. They filed in sheepishly, covering their embarrassment with forced joviality that withered to silence. When they were seated Chuck said, "As my wife is concerned in this, I think she should be present."

"We'd prefer it," Mr. Whittall said.

Audrey perched on a kitchen chair in the doorway miserably conscious that all their eyes were avoiding her. They had been friends. She had laughed and talked with them, had eaten at their tables and exchanged recipes with their wives.

Finally Mr. Whittall, clearing his throat, said, "Well, I guess we all know why we're here."

Again there was a painful silence. Audrey looked from one to another. Say something, her eyes pleaded. Get it over with. Get on with it.

It was old Mr. Lindsay who got on with it.

"Two thousand a year's a lot for a church to lose," he said. He glanced at Chuck, and for the first time Chuck spoke. "It is—quite an amount," he said, his voice restrained and quiet.

Old Mr. Lindsay twirled his thumbs rapidly, and came up with further bluntness.

"Might be easier to find another man than another two thousand," he said.

Audrey's breath tightened painfully. So that was the ultimatum. Her eyes flew to Chuck, and away again; was it only a few months ago she had so solemnly vowed never to do anything to hurt him or his work? She was acutely aware of the heavy breathing of the deputation, the clock ticking on the mantelpiece, the distant drip of the kitchen tap. The lump in her throat grew threateningly. They had been happy in the town. Chuck was liked and respected. Now, because of her, one single possessive, dominating woman could ruin it all. It could shadow all of Chuck's career; she could hear people

saying, "Oh, he's all right, but his wife's a meddler. Lost his first church because of her!" Suppose Chuck even came to feel, though he would never say it, that she was a drag on the work that meant so very much to him? And yet, she asked herself, what else could she have done? Anger ran in her that these men should sit here in judgment; still more that they should be penalizing Chuck. Is money everything? her eyes demanded of them, but they were looking only at Chuck, waiting. She found herself waiting too, in a kind of agony. What could he say? What would he say?

"Well, gentlemen," he said, quietness but not meekness in his voice, "without asking if there's another side to this story, you apparently think I should go. Since we've come so quickly to the point, we needn't wear one another out by wrangling over details." Chuck rose. "You have my resignation, gentlemen," he said.

Old Mr. Lindsay stopped twiddling his thumbs, Bob Makins coughed as if something were stuck in his throat, and Mr. Whittall put out a beseeching hand.

"Now wait, Mr. Barry. Let's not be hasty. Let's see if we can't find some way out." His eyes slid uncomfortably around to Audrey. "Perhaps," he said, "if—if Mrs. Barry would be willing to—to apologize a little, it might help to smooth things out."

She felt her cheeks flush, but a quick protest died unsaid. It was for Chuck to answer. If that was what he wanted, her eyes signaled him, while a chill sense of defeat in something good crept over her. But he was looking at the deputation, not at her. He thrust

his fists deep in his pockets and faced the three men squarely.

"That," he said, "is definitely out. Definitely."

"Ah!" breathed Bob Makins.

"But," Mr. Whittall began uncertainly, his voice trailing off as Chuck spoke again.

"Can't you see what you're asking?" Chuck said. "You're asking us to sell out, for so many dollars a year, our responsibility to people who come to us for help, no matter who they are. You'd rather keep things as they are, all cushioned and comfortable, than save one girl from mental and perhaps spiritual wreck. My wife did exactly what I'd have done myself, in her place."

A blur of tears threatened Audrey's eyes. She had never loved him so much as in this moment when, in front of the representatives of the board, he had so completely justified her. But the price, to Chuck even more than to herself, had yet to be paid. The board in all its authority would now speak.

She saw Bob Makins' face red under the accumulated mahogany of a summer in the fields. She saw in the mask of Mr. Whittall's face the proof of a warring mind. She saw old Mr. Lindsay, his expression unreadable. And then it was that Bob Makins exploded.

"By golly," he said, "if we had half the parson's guts, we'd say the same and go raise a couple thousand somewhere else, or get along without it."

Mr. Lindsay hitched around with arthritic stiffness.

"And by golly, Bob," he said surprisingly, "I believe you're right. What say, Whittall? Come out from behind

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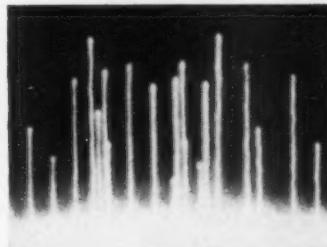


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Audrey, not daring to hope yet, concentrated on Mr. Whittall. What he said would carry a lot of weight. "The point," he said at last, "is this. Would Mr. Barry, knowing all the circumstances, be willing to stay on and see us through?"

"On one condition," Chuck said.

Four pairs of eyes recognized his right to make it. Audrey's alone anticipated what it might be.

"The condition is," Chuck said, "that my salary be adjusted to take its share of whatever the lack may be."

Bob Makins looked up at the ceiling. Old Mr. Lindsay said, "That's more than generous of you, pastor." Mr. Whittall drew a long breath; he smiled faintly. "You know something," he said, "it'll be a pull, but at least we won't have to look over our shoulders before we do anything in future. You let a thing like that creep up on you, and first thing you know there it is, and you don't know how to set about breaking free."

"A woman like that," said Bob Makins, "you can't shift her once she lays hold of an idea. Might's well tell my old red silo to go move round the other side of the barn."

Quite ridiculously, their remarks touched in Audrey a perverse loyalty to her sex; and at the thought of this second shock to Mrs. Passmore she pleaded, "Oh, let's try and be kind to her. Let's not make it hard for her to stay on if she wants to, or to come back whenever she's ready."

Chuck came quickly over and put an arm about her. "Once again," he said, "I agree completely with my wife." She felt the approving pressure of his fingers on her shoulder; and all the pent-up emotions of the last twenty-four hours threatened. In a moment she would embarrass them all by breaking into tears. Murmuring something about coffee, she made her escape to the kitchen, where the familiar drip of the tap was like music.

She stood there, still shaken, but thinking that now they wouldn't have to leave this first home of theirs, nor this town they had grown to like, nor its people who were their friends. *

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Beginning Next Month

RCAF AND ROMANCE

Continued from page 24

legislators recently — causes no concern, "Our airwomen's moral standards are probably even higher than those in any equivalent co-educational institutions," says St. Johns padre, Flight Lieutenant Gordon Hedley-Smith. The RCAF will not release official figures on pregnancies or venereal disease. However, veteran NCOs say these are surprisingly low—probably because of the service's sex education (with three hygiene movies during an airwoman's first week of basic training) and because airmen and airwomen are thrown together so consistently in training that the novelty wears off.

In its feminizing of airwomen, the Air Force has actually aided them on the path to matrimony, something it had always feared and officially frowned upon. Outnumbered by the service's thirty-five thousand men some thirteen to one, an airwoman's chances of marriage are among the rosiest in Canada.

Since the renascence of the service, about one out of seven airwomen have put to use the wedding dresses they were shown how to make at craft classes. One airwoman, a recruit from Vancouver, got engaged on the train while on her way to basic training at St. Johns, and was married three months later.

At Trenton, Ont., headquarters for Canada's new airwomen, marriages between airmen and airwomen are almost weekly events. They are held in the station chapel, with Harry the gardener supplying the flowers and corsages, and are usually white weddings complete with confetti, old shoes and champagne.

For the RCAF today officially recognizes that few airwomen who enter the service intend to be old maids for twenty years and retire on a pension. No longer are airwomen automatically released upon marriage, for with the cost of putting an airwoman through basic training running to a reported three thousand dollars, the strain was too much. Instead, the girls can remain in the force after they are married if it is at all feasible.

In fact, the new chief of air staff, Air Marshal C. Roy Slemon, a forty-eight year old "disciplinarian" who has never been accused of getting emotional about girls in uniform, surprised a reporter recently by declaring that "airwomen have a duty to Canada as mothers that supersedes their duty to the service as bachelor girls."

From the beginning, the Air Force knew it would have to put some perfume behind its ears before it could lure girls into the service from the prosperity of civilian life. With male recruiting dragging, it needed them bad. It set its target at five thousand by 1954, launched its recruiting campaign on a glamour note. While newsreels turned and the RCAF band played "A pretty girl is like a melody," five professional Ottawa models swished through a fashion show featuring the new uniforms in front of a four-engine plane at Rockcliffe Airport.

Soon the recruiting rate was up to fifty a month (with Vancouver and Halifax always on top, for some reason) and the

Air Force said it was happy, for besides doing the work of two men in many jobs, an airwoman costs no more to train than an airman and less to attire.

Forty per cent of airwomen recruits are eighteen, the minimum age for enlistment. This is one year older than the minimum for airmen. The maximum age is forty although in practice few over thirty-five have joined up, and these have been veterans who today form less than ten per cent of the airwoman force. The Air Force has decided that most of its wartime girls went and got married.

An airwoman's minimum educational requirement is grade ten, two grades higher than for airmen, but she averages grade eleven and one in every three recruits has either commercial, normal school or some university training.

Today's airwoman comes from a middle-class home, neither rich nor poor. She averages five foot five with a thirty-six-inch bust. She thinks she can get away with Air Force oxfords a size too small, but can't. She has her uniform altered to mold her curves and then is ordered to get herself unmolded ("cling-tight uniforms ride up during drill," the Air Force explains). She quickly adopts air force slang and when comrades tell her "Go away, you've been posted," she knows she is not very welcome in that circle. She reads a lot of comic books.

Marriage Is Their Target

She tells recruiting officers she is entering the air force to find adventure, have security and learn a trade. Recruiting officers say ninety-five per cent of airwomen recruits really enlist to get married.

Airwomen have a fighting chance to become officers, although there are only about fifty in the service now and they require university education. During the war, Catharine Frew of Montreal was a WD corporal and as a member of the administrative branch toured every station in Canada and Newfoundland. After her discharge, she got a job in the arts and crafts department at McGill. Although she earned double what she is now paid by the Air Force, she was nearly always broke. Back in the service as a pilot officer, Catharine Frew isn't broke any more and finds she can buy all the clothes she wants.

However, most of today's airwomen come straight from school or from lives in offices, banks, telephone companies or hairdressing parlors. Twenty-eight trades are open to them in the Air Force and where they are posted depends a little on their choice, more on the results of their intelligence and aptitude tests, and mostly on the "quotas" to be filled. They go to stations from Whitehorse to Goose Bay, with the heaviest concentration in Ontario, because most fighter squadrons are based there.

Currently, twenty-five per cent of all recruits are earmarked as fighter control operators at radar stations. The airwomen operate radar equipment and plotting boards to detect planes, control air traffic, locate planes in trouble and land them in bad weather. Fourteen per cent are tabbed for clerical jobs, ten per cent for miscellaneous radar jobs and the rest farmed out among such posts as instrument technicians, meteorological observers, medical and dental assistants and service police. (Service police is one



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with Silvo.

— made especially
for silver.



Silverware by Georg Jensen

U-53-



...for
Constipation

YOU NEED
SO LITTLE
TO KEEP REGULAR
... IT'S WISE TO
GET THE BEST

Nujol

Absolutely pure MINERAL OIL

• highest quality • crystal clear
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Ask your druggist for
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Say goodbye to that brush and bucket! Cleaning your toilet is a cinch with Gillett's. Pour in a little Gillett's and flush — that's all there is to it! Yes, quick as a flush stains disappear; the bowl is left fresh, clean and sanitary! Gillett's cuts through grease, lifts dirt off floors, clears blocked drains, helps ease your housework in dozens of different ways. Get Gillett's today!



of the most sought-after postings. Often the meekest girls want to be cops.

Geraldine Campbell, the pretty blond airwoman shown in the picture sequence accompanying this article, had her eye on the job of instrument mechanic when she joined the air force in Winnipeg in April last year. Geraldine is nineteen this month, stands five foot three and weighs a hundred and twenty-six pounds. She joined the Air Force because she was restless in her civilian job as cash clerk of the Winnipeg Electric Company, and "wanted to see the world, so to speak."

She took service life in her stride. She enjoyed her basic training at St. Johns. In many ways it was similar to basic training for men in the services. There were four hours a day of drill on parade squares or in hangars. Men train on one side of a hangar, women on the other. Corporals in charge of airmen drill squads shout quite a bit louder in the presence of airwomen than they do normally. Airwomen, on the other hand, straighten their stockings and touch their hair a little more, too. On the whole, they are smarter than men on parade. "They never lose sight of that primary purpose, to attract men," one officer put it, "so they never slouch."

Geraldine Campbell mixed drill with lectures and films on such subjects as ground defense, atomic warfare, gas, security, morals, hygiene, sports and religion. She liked foot drill best. Most airwomen, strangely enough, do. She did fatigues, which take up one full week of the eight-week course and include kitchen police and cleaning out hangars. She didn't have to polish brass, for air force brass now is treated with a gold-like finish that only requires cleansing with soap and water. But she found the Air Force was fussy about highly polished shoes, soon learned the airwoman trick of shining the insteps of her oxfords with tooth brushes and getting a high gloss on the uppers by using old nylons.

In line with regulations, she had her hair cropped to collar length and wore no earrings, fancy finger rings or colored nail polish while on parade.

Gerry Campbell quickly saw that it would not be hard to get a discharge if she wanted one. By November of 1952, discharges had accounted for five hundred and fifty out of the thirty-four hundred girls who entered St. Johns. The Air Force doesn't break down the reasons, but most girls left to be married, while other reasons included false enlistment, prejudicial conduct and compassionate grounds. Gerry became engaged to an RCAF instrument instructor last Christmas Eve, and hopes to be able to stay on in service after her marriage this March.

However, this seems likely to keep Gerry in Canada, and she is half-envious of the other airwomen in her barracks at Trenton who are getting ready to be posted to Europe this spring on a voluntary basis. During the war, members of the now-defunct Women's Division got only eighty per cent of male pay. Salaries now begin at a minimum eighty-seven dollars a month for the lowest rank, rise through one hundred and twenty-nine dollars for sergeants and reach two hundred and fifty-five dollars for flight lieutenants.

And there was the free clothing on top of that — three hundred dollars worth, enough to fill two issue kitbags and an

issue fibre glass steamer trunk. It included even slips, pyjamas and dress shields. Geraldine Campbell was given fifteen dollars with which to buy lingerie and a dollar a month after that for lingerie-maintenance. Routine issue included a greatcoat and a raincoat, three jackets, three skirts, three dresses, lined and unlined leather gloves, two pairs of overshoes, ten shirts, two pairs of shoes and such other miscellany as overstockings, gym shorts, slacks, sweatshirt and bobby socks. No longer is it compulsory for an airwoman, when walking out in uniform, to wear the sensible and unexotic issue oxfords and heavy duty stockings, which never wear out but never have done much for an airwoman's legs. Now for walking out in uniform she may buy high-heeled pumps and sheer nylons.

Gerry Campbell put on nearly ten pounds weight at St. Johns, more than the average of seven pounds gained by most airwomen during their first two months in uniform. It is not unusual to see an airwoman after foot drill down four pork chops at a sitting and not only are second helpings served but in the centre of the St. Johns mess hall is a bountiful buffet table.

One thing Gerry and her fellow trainees noticed, there wasn't the loneliness many girls know in civilian life once they start to work, the sitting



MARCH FORECAST

By Lorrie McLaughlin

The morning paper's forecast read,
"The first bright days and balmy
breezes."
But, mother-wise, I see instead,
"Unbuttoned coats, wet feet, and
sneezes."



around in a rooming house waiting for telephone calls. At St. Johns there were movies four nights a week, dances twice a week, classes in the samba conducted by Sergeant Eleanor Graver, a former Arthur Murray dance teacher, and every sport from archery to miniature golf.

From St. Johns, fresh with diploma in basic training, Geraldine Campbell was posted to Camp Borden, Ont., for a sixteen-week course as an instrument mechanic. It was there she met her future husband, twenty-four-year-old Corporal Douglas Stead of Montreal, an instrument instructor. Today, an Airwoman First Class, she is stationed at training command headquarters at Trenton where airwomen sleep two to a room, have singl instead of bunk beds, armchairs, scatter rugs, Mexican motif curtains on their barrack blocks, and, of course, the well-furnished beaus' room. Two swimming pools are available to airwomen at Trenton and there is TV in the canteens and a jewelry counter that opens every pay day. Here at Trenton her fiancé visits her every week end from Camp Borden, and they plan to be married in the Protestant Chapel on the station, with Geraldine's roommate as bridesmaid.

If Geraldine Campbell or any airwoman wants to fly back home on leave—and there's a month of that

*"Both pleased and proud"
about her linoleum floors,
says Mrs. Memberg*

Today's linoleums are for *all* your "living" rooms. Here, for example, is how Mrs. Memberg has used *Dominion Linoleum* floors in her lovely suburban home. Not just in the kitchen — though there of course, too — but in the dining room, the hall, the master bedroom, the children's bedrooms, the bathrooms . . . Notice the interesting use of color and pattern, and how they contribute to the total effect. What you *can't* see is the restful, noiseless resilience of Mrs. Memberg's floors, and the hours of "floor-work" they save her every month (dirt just *swishes* off linoleum's satiny surface). These truly modern, permanent floors were built right into the house — just like hardwood — over a low-cost base. In fact, you can "build with linoleum" for no more than you would pay for hardwood.



MRS. E. O. MEMBERY,
Agincourt, Ont.

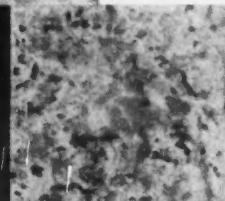


The charm of Jaspé pattern J/724 and Marboleum M/93 are combined to match the blithe spirit of the master bedroom.



The clever relating of floor design between kitchen and adjoining dining area is achieved with Marboleum patterns M/11 and M/41 as background, and patterns M/39 and M/93 for inset stripes.

The bold inset design for Marboleum pattern M/93 against Marboleum M/89 adds interest to this cosy, colorful boy's bedroom.



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RELAXING
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ALSO USE IT
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AND PAINS
AND TIRED
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NAME..... ADDRESS..... CITY..... PROVINCE.....

every year—passes are provided on Air Transport Command planes. Gerry has already had one "flip" to her home at Transcona, a Winnipeg suburb. Corporal Andree Dawson, a seamstress who now works in quartermaster stores in St. Johns, flew back to her home in England this way. And Airwoman Pauline Asano, a Japanese-Canadian girl, was flown by Air Transport Command to see her mother in Japan.

Almost all airmen are enthusiastic supporters for airwomen, although the girls get more privileges and their presence on a camp means the men get more fatigues ("Airwomen are equal in every way with airmen, sure, but who's going to ask a woman to carry out ashes," explained one officer).

Recently a newsman thought he had found at least one woman-hater in the air force. This was in the recreation centre at St. Johns, a massive structure brimming with airmen and airwomen in shorts and bustling with athletic activity. In a corner, surrounded by mixed teams of flushed-faced girls and boys, a lone and lonely looking airman, wearing blue gym shorts several sizes too large for him, batted morosely at a punching bag; punching it, then letting it bounce off his stomach.

But no, he didn't disapprove of airwomen. His problem was a common, human one with no boundaries. "You've either got it," he explained simply, as the bag bounced off his stomach, "or you haven't got it." *

DECORATING CONTEST

Continued from page 16

entrants, an average young couple living in an apartment and saving toward a more permanent home. The Gibbs, who have been married two years, live in downtown Montreal. Arnold, an ex-Spitfire pilot, has just obtained a degree in accounting. Wendy, a working wife at present, enjoys her job as assistant office manager in a big Montreal firm. Her hobby is collecting complicated French and European recipes which she tries out in her cupboard-sized kitchen on week ends. She wants to try writing a novel and raise a medium-sized family of children and poodles."

Wendy described the room she decorated this way: "It's the living-dining room of a two-roomed apartment, and is designed to fit the needs of a young married couple whose possessions are few, funds limited, interests varied and imaginations keen. As we are both away at business every day our home hours are valuable and we try to arrange our room so that our leisure time together can be filled with the music, reading and conversation which we both enjoy."

The Gibbs chose their color scheme from nature's shady spots—soft tones beautified by filtering sunlight. Their colors are shades of grey accented with sun yellow and vibrant flame. By using plain neutral colors and avoiding patterns they succeeded in making their small apartment appear larger. The room's chief problems were darkness, a view on a courtyard and three doors all along one wall. The Gibbs took off one door, which banged into the second when opened, and hung a split bamboo blind instead. They left the ceiling white to relieve the sombre darkness of the room and the white accents were picked up again on the picture frames and snow white candles. They used simple, unfussy furniture of the kind that can be purchased anywhere in Canada and combined it with older pieces as humble as a wicker porch chair which they rescued from a friend's basement, dusted off and painted.

For the dining area, which is separated from the living room by bookcases and a blanket box, they used two black, bentwood chairs. Yards and yards of natural burlap in two layers of cafe curtains at the window are blanket stitched with black wool. The warm browns in the Gauguin print on the wall

are picked up again in cushions, and in the small, flame-colored casserole which Wendy brought in from the kitchen and placed on the coffee table. Other accessories are a wrought iron tray which makes another accent note, filled with ordinary kitchen lemons.

Wendy Gibb says, "The burlap cafe curtains push back at the top while the lower ones protect us from the neighbors and the sun peeps into a room which may become more elegant but never more imaginative."

The winners of the second prize are another young couple. Clive and Norma Peacock have been married a year and a half. Clive is a commercial artist in Toronto and Norma, who was a laboratory technician, now stays at home and looks after their brand-new bungalow.

In decorating their bedroom the Peacocks combined inexpensive pieces with old things. A leaf border, designed and painted by Clive is the focal point of this charming, old-fashioned but tidily designed room.

After buying their suite in early Canadian style, the Peacocks went shopping in a secondhand store and picked up an old walnut wicker rocking chair for one dollar, which was in perfectly good condition except for a broken arm, which Clive mended. The dresser lamps and centre lamp also came from secondhand shops and were cleaned, and converted to electricity. The Peacocks hope to buy a large braided rug to replace the two small ones they now own.

A Bedspread for a Bicycle

The crocheted bedspread was a straight swap. Norma traded Clive's old bicycle for it. She then crocheted dresser scarves in the same pattern. Driftwood and wild berries arranged on the dresser complete the picture.

Ingenuity was characteristic of the twenty-five runners-up who were awarded ten dollars each. Tom Coleman, one of the bachelors who carried off a Chatelaine prize, lives in a one-room apartment in a school building in La Salle, Ont. To get a smart parquet effect on the floor he used grained linoleum tiles, cut in strips and rearranged. Discarded wire grilles from school windows were painted gold, backed with fabric and inserted in place of panels in the doors of an old cupboard.

After a refinishing job on the wood, Mr. Coleman has an expensive looking piece of furniture for practically no cost at all. Robert Coo of Toronto covered the bare cement walls of a basement apartment with bamboo

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Equipment, accessories, trim and models are subject to change without notice.

HERE you see pictured the 1953 Golden Anniversary Buick Custom — engineered, styled, powered and bodied to be fully worthy of its paragon role in this fiftieth year of Buick building. A quick listing of simple facts will reveal just cause for celebration.

- ★ **It has a newly-designed Fireball Straight-8 Engine**
The importantly stepped-up Fireball Straight-8 actually gives the 1953 Custom with Dynaflow even better performance than the 1952 Roadmaster. And this brilliant new performance is achieved with amazing economy and without the need for premium fuels.
- ★ **It has Fireball Horsepower**
Engine horsepower has been increased to 130 on Dynaflow-equipped models and 125 on cars equipped with Syncromesh transmission.
- ★ **It has a compression ratio of 7.6 to 1**
New combustion chamber raises compression to 7.6 to 1 with Dynaflow, shortens flame travel for greater power and fuel efficiency.
- ★ **It has a new "Twin-Turbine Dynaflow Drive**
Now adds far swifter, quieter, more efficient getaway to infinite smoothness at all speed ranges.
- ★ **It has GM Power Steering**
This year the Buick Custom with Dynaflow Drive offers you the wondrous handling ease of GM Power Steering.
- ★ **It has a still finer ride**
The softest, steadiest, most buoyantly level ride that Buick's advanced engineering has yet produced.

*Optional at extra cost

WORLD'S NEWEST V8 Powers The Super—The Roadmaster

Yes, there's wonderful news about the 1953 Buick SUPERS and ROADMASTERS, too. For instance, they're powered by a completely new V-8 engine with one of the highest compression ratios in the industry. It develops 188 horsepower for Roadmaster, 170 for the Dynaflow-equipped Super, and it's so compact that a new, more manoeuvrable chassis has been built around it!

But no listing of facts and features can do justice to the phenomenal Golden Anniversary Buicks. No words can really tell you the beauty you see, the comfort you feel, the excitement you experience when you make first-hand acquaintance with these big, beautiful, bounteous Buick Customs, and Supers and Roadmasters for '53.

So visit the showrooms of your Buick dealer and see for yourself that these are, in simple truth, Buick's greatest cars in 50 great years!



Tearing
your hair
over crusty pans?



BRILLO soap pads— TWICE the SHINE in half the time!

Scientific tests prove Brillo gives aluminum twice the shine in half the time! Outshines all leading cleansers tested! A square metal-fiber Brillo pad-with-soap lifts off crust! No soaking. No scraping.

Brillo soap has jeweler's polish—shines as it cleans! Perfect for ovens and stove burners, too!

RED BOX—soap-filled pads
GREEN BOX—pads plus cake soap

THRIFTIER! 5 AND 12 PAD BOXES

New improved
Brillo lasts longer!



screening, made lamps from old ski poles and shades from place mats.

Mrs. Robert Flood of Waterloo, Que., used panels from oddly sized discarded wooden textile boxes to cover one wall and the ceiling of her living room. Cut into uniform pieces, rearranged in herringbone fashion and given a glazed pine treatment, this background forms an interesting backdrop to a large, casual living room.

Mrs. W. J. Sloan of Ridgeway, Ont., had a collection of small reproductions of favorite paintings and no money to frame them. She bought a roll of green grass cloth wallpaper and ran a fifteen inch strip along one wall. Then she attached the reproductions to the strip with stamp hinges. She finds she can change the pictures as often as she pleases. *

YOUR HUSBAND'S BOSS

Continued from page 13

will be expected to make the contribution of a Montreal woman whose husband panicked in the face of a new job and refused to leave the house on the first morning. She bundled him into his coat, popped his hat on his head, pushed him outside the door and locked it after him with the injunction not to be silly and get to work. He did—and found the job was not nearly so terrifying as he had feared.

"He'd have been fired, of course, if it hadn't been for his wife," said his Boss who told the story as a spectacular example of the kind of help the right kind of wife can give.

Of course, if your husband is short on ability it doesn't matter a lot if you're loaded with charm and determination; there's just not much you can do to further his career. However, no matter how smart he is there is still plenty you can do to retard it. More than one man has been passed over for promotion by a Boss who felt the wife could not measure up to the new responsibilities.

He Leaves Her at Home

I was told of one instance where a senior executive, who had risen through the company from a manual job, faced considerable embarrassment because of his wife's lack of social grace. Finally, he had to tell her bluntly to stay at home when company functions were given. Another executive in the same company read a magazine article dealing with the wives of management. He took it home and said to his wife: "Read this."

From my interviews I learned that in firms where employees meet the public frequently the Company's interest in wives reached its peak although I found little evidence of the consuming curiosity that seems to afflict some U.S. employers on the subject.

Take, for instance, a booklet published by the Life Insurance Agency Management Association. It is titled "The Feminine Touch," and it is distributed to the wives of prospective insurance agents. While only one Canadian insurance company, Sun Life, was canvassed by the writer, I was told that the booklet is in general use.

Moral, it declares, is important.

DRAIN WON'T DRAIN?



Clear it with Drano! Its special churning, boiling action whisks out greasy muck—even hair from bathroom basin drain—in no time!



Psst! Don't wait for trouble! Use Drano before sink slows up. Keeps drains clear, clean, fast-running. Saves plumbing bills.



That greasy, filthy muck breeds loathsome sewer germs . . . inches from where you prepare food and wash the children's dishes!



No liquid disinfectant can budge this muck. It takes Drano to keep your drain sanitary. Use Drano once a week—every week!

Drano

P.S. WON'T HARM SEPTIC TANKS—MAKES THEM WORK BETTER—CUTS DOWN ODORS

Get Brighter Windows Quicker

Windex is made especially for cleaning glass. Just spray it on—wipe it off. Leaves no dust or film.



WINDEX Spray

"You, Mrs. Agent, must serve as human relations expert for your husband. Learn what you can do to help him keep on top of the world. When he comes home in the evening, be tactful and don't ask sweetly—or belligerently, depending on the state of the grocery bill—"Did you make a sale today, darling?" You can be sure that he'll tell you if a case was closed . . . There are so many little things you can do to lift your husband's spirits and help him keep that 'Oh, what a beautiful morning' outlook . . . Among the generally accepted morale builders for agents' wives to practice, perhaps none is more important than the management of the family finances . . . Avoid the mistake of splurging when a big case is closed. You can adequately celebrate the occasion without investing in a new fur coat or a second car . . . His is a finely strung, highly geared nervous system which needs sympathetic understanding from the person closest to him . . . While he's in the doldrums don't give him the names of four persons you're positive need insurance and insist that he see them. In his present mood it's doubtful if his sales presentation would be very convincing."

Perhaps the most delightful idea expressed in the booklet concerning the wife's role suggested that she dramatize the family. It related how one agent's wife on the west coast often drove through the shopping district with her two small blond daughters in a small cart to which was hitched a giant Saint Bernard. "Featured in his office is a picture of them in their unusual conveyance. Says the wife: 'Practically everyone talks to us. It's even better than having a dog on a leash!'"

Alternatives to Saint Bernards

However, the booklet cautions that very few women would be willing to take on the responsibility of a Saint Bernard, and it offers other simple ways of focusing attention on the family.

At Sun Life headquarters in Montreal I was told that no agent is engaged unless the manager or supervisor is satisfied that the applicant's wife will prove co-operative. Thirty questions are put to the manager. Five of these bear directly on the issue: Will his family wish he had a different kind of a job? Does his wife appreciate the advantages and disadvantages of being a businessman's wife? Are you certain his wife thoroughly understands her part in his success? Does he and also his wife thoroughly understand the financial arrangements? Do he and his family feel life insurance selling will be an advancement or betterment for them in the long run?

James Muir, vigorous president of the Royal Bank of Canada, said: "Women are tremendously important in banking life, right from the beginning of a man's career with the bank. Banking is a highly competitive business. We have just one thing to sell, and that is service. A woman who marries a man in our business usually knows from the start that she has to be a good trouper. She has to be ready to move from place to place, for it is the moving about that usually brings promotions."

He recalled that he himself was married in 1919 and hadn't stayed in one city for more than four years until 1932. "A woman can get pretty fed up trying to make the drapes designed for one house fulfill the same purpose in

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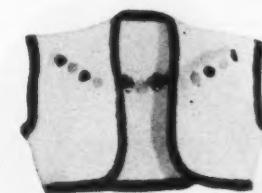
another house where the windows are all a different size."

At Canada Packers in Toronto I was told that "there is definite recognition of the importance of the wife, particularly with reference to senior executives and the selling force."

I discovered one banking firm which regards some wives as better business men than their husbands. The president said: "I'd like to replace some of my managers with their wives. The wife would do a better job." And a packing-house executive told me that certain wives of salesmen were directly rewarded with yearly bonuses. "But don't identify the company," he added hastily. "We're not anxious to let other wives know that."

Those Who Sit and Wait

How do wives relish their role as key figures in their husbands' success? Mrs. C. Lear White of Toronto delivered an address at a recent Insurance Agency Conference, and declared that as the wife of an insurance agent there was much pride to be derived from the role of even sitting at home and waiting. "I must be truthful and tell you that I can't recall ever resenting the fact that I had to sit home and wait—I always had plenty to keep me busy," she observed. And, after making some suggestions about the way other wives could help their husbands, she concluded: "There may be times when the



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Springtime means playtime and your youngsters will stride right into spring in these versatile, up-to-the-minute playtime fashion favorites. We supply complete instructions for all three sweater designs in sizes 2 to 6 years. Price 25c. Order No. C73.

Order from Chatelaine Needlecraft Dept., 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

**From
One Cook to Another**

by Mary Blake

Carnation Home Service Director

EVERYBODY USES CANNED SOUPS these days — well, practically everybody. And I have quite a lot of fun, combining two different kinds for new flavor effects . . . or adding a touch of curry or herbs. But one thing I always do. For the smoothest, richest flavored, creamiest tasting soup, I heat canned soups with an equal amount of undiluted Carnation. You won't believe how good and how nourishing soup can be, until you make it with undiluted Carnation. For a change from ever-popular tomato soup (it too, is better than ever with Carnation!) try this

CURRIED GREEN PEA SOUP

(Makes 3 or 4 servings)

1 can condensed green pea soup
Equal measure of undiluted
Carnation Milk
Dash of curry powder

Heat soup with Carnation, stirring to
blend. Add curry powder — serve
with croutons.

**CARNATION LIGHTNING-QUICK
CHEESE SAUCE**

(Makes about 2 1/2 cups sauce)

1 large can Carnation Evaporated Milk
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup (4 ozs.) cubed process-type cheese

Combine Carnation and salt in
saucepans. Heat until small bubbles
appear (about 2 minutes). Add
cheese; stir constantly over low heat
about 1 minute, until cheese melts.

To cut very fresh bread, first pass knife
blade through a flame until very hot.

QUICK MAIN-COURSE RECIPES are something that every woman can use! And there's one I make with a can of salmon, some undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk, and a little vinegar, that's easy . . . quick . . . and wonderful.

SCALLOPED SALMON, CONTINENTALE

(Makes 4 servings)

1 tall can
(1-pound size)
salmon
Salt and pepper
1 cup undiluted
Carnation Evaporated Milk
1 tablespoon
vinegar

Flake the salmon, and spread it in a
rather shallow buttered baking dish.
Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Mix
undiluted Carnation with vinegar
and let stand 5 minutes. Pour over
salmon. You may grate a little cheese
over top, if you like. Bake in a mod-
erate oven (350°) about 20 minutes.
Serve with baked potatoes and a
fresh green vegetable.

Millions of real coffee lovers can't be
wrong. And they prefer Carnation to
cream in their coffee. Undiluted Carna-
tion is just right for coffee . . . gives
richer, creamier color and smoother,
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"from Contented Cows"



going gets rough, but always back of it all is the wonderful Company we work for AND BELONG TO, the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada."

On the other hand, the young wife of a shipping company executive said to me: "I resent very much that I am expected to entertain people in whom I have no interest whatever. I don't want anything to do with my husband's business. I have enough to do to run my own home properly. And when I entertain, I want to entertain my own

friends, not the dull business associates of my husband."

She pointed out that there was a great difference between practices on this side of the Atlantic and in Europe. There, she contended, the family is never drawn into business, and she recalled how the wives of two partners of one of the biggest shipping lines in Europe met for the first time last year, and by accident.

Another point of view was expressed to me by the wife of a bright young

executive working for a crown company. Her husband's position kept him constantly on the move and away from home.

"I see him so rarely that I wish there was some compensation through participation in his work," she said. "But I have the feeling that wives are regarded in the company as a necessary but barely tolerated evil. I know that he enjoys his work deeply, and I would not want him to change. But I see some of the best years of our lives slipping



Use a sponge that's wet, not just moist, and squeeze just short of the dripping point. Then rub *lightly* over your Max Factor Pan-Cake make-up. Remember—*lightly*. The weight of the sponge is enough to pick up right amount.



Use quick, light strokes to put a very thin film of Pan-Cake over your entire face and throat. Do be quick! Speed is half the trick for a *light* film. Squeeze sponge dry, and finish blending with reverse side.



Now while your face is still moist, blot immediately with tissue. This removes any excess make-up—prevents caking. Then, puff on plenty of powder—but *lightly* and brush off surplus. This gives you the Pan-Cake *mat* finish. For sheen look, pat lightly with clean moist sponge.

*Pan-Cake (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood Cake Make-up.

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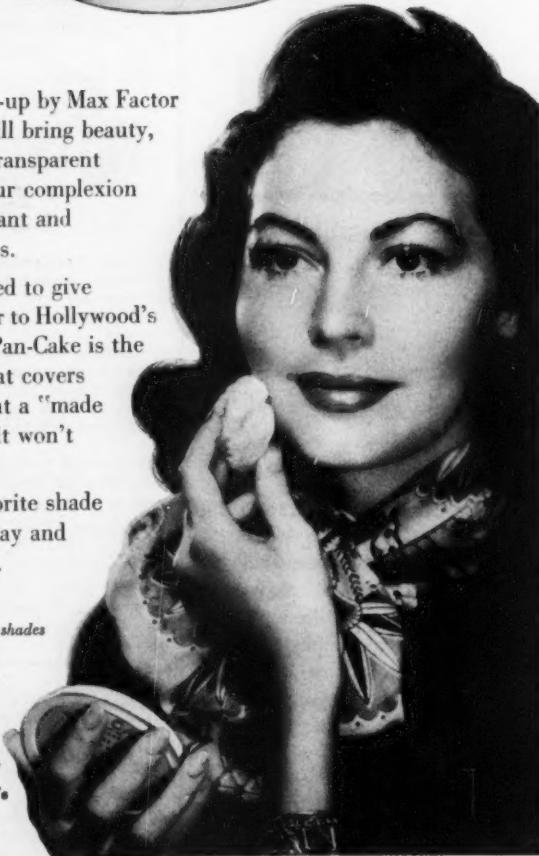
Pan-Cake* make-up by Max Factor of Hollywood will bring beauty, softness and a transparent loveliness to your complexion—a look of radiant and natural freshness.

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by without our enjoying them together. It is a situation which I do not like but I accept because it just happens that I am in love with my husband."

This was the only instance I encountered of a wife that complained because the company ignored her. In almost every other case I was given instances of the very opposite policy. Not all set out as deliberately as insurance companies to win the wife to active participation. At Bell Telephone, for instance, there is no direct program for winning the wife. But its sprightly publication, "The Blue Bell," is aimed at her, more or less subtly. A good example is offered in its pages in the form of a short story.

Written by an employee in London, Ont., and entitled "WE Were Promoted," it deals humorously with a family scene where the husband comes home to announce a promotion and runs into an irate wife who has been battling a tough roast of beef. She corrects his grammar when he says: "I got promoted," and then she delivers a tirade pointing out all the things she did to help him get promoted. So he finally admits: "WE were promoted."

Similarly, other company publications aim at the home and the wife. They deal with the inner social life of the company, staff parties and functions, and they explain the company's products and policies. Of course an organization like Canadian Industries Limited has an easier time capturing the wife's attention with stories about nylon and women's fashions than say, Imperial Oil, which is concerned with engineering and industrial issues.

A Snub Lost an Account

The wife's role and her problem in smaller communities is greatly magnified. There the wife of a bank manager or a company branch might well be a leader of the social community; and lack of tact or arrogance on her part can prove disastrous for her husband. I was told of a case where a bank lost a large local account because the wife of the bank manager had snubbed the wife of an important local businessman.

In a city like Kingston, Ont., it was pointed out, social life tends to revolve around separate centres. There is the Army crowd, the University group, and three other centres formed by the three main industries there, Canadian Locomotive, Aluminum Company, and Canadian Industries Limited. Each forms a separate solar system, with few meteors running amuck. And each system has its own recognized hierarchy, customs, and habits. Yet the fact that more or less rival social sets exist has a restraining effect on the domination of one particular social dictator.

In the company town there is no such restraining influence, and it was admitted to me by spokesmen for several different mining industries that the wife of the senior figure in the company in any given company community sets the social pace and exercises a tremendous power for good or evil. "She can make life miserable for any woman she dislikes," I was told, "and there have been cases where we had to move a good man because his wife couldn't get along with the boss' wife. It was either that or we stood to lose a man who was pretty valuable to us."

I was told of another company town, where the oppressive atmosphere created



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by the wife of the senior executive—a great churchwoman who frowned on social drinking and card playing—had resulted in a surreptitious but widespread alcoholism on the part of the younger wives of junior executives. I was told this by a young wife who had influenced her husband to change his job as a result. "Three quarters of the young wives drank excessively," she told me. "Some were becoming real alcoholics."

In company towns which are more outlying, social distinctions are quite marked, and it is an unwary newcomer who will try to dress better than the boss' wife, or show social talents which might bring her undue praise and the active jealousy of the matriarch. Nor will a junior executive drive a better car than the boss. Such an act would immediately render him suspect as "extravagant." In one Quebec textile town, the boss' wife is an enthusiastic golfer. Younger women, wives of junior executives, are graciously invited to play with her. But she always wins. None of them dare check her scoring system.

The very nature of a company town often isolated and miles away from other communities, requires that the company assume responsibility for the economic, cultural, educational and social welfare of the employees. Most companies who have to operate such communities are quite aware of the problem, and today they carefully scrutinize the family unit when they select a man for the top post. "The wife is just as important for us as the husband," I was told by one company head. "We've had some bad experiences in the past before we realized that, and now if we think the wife won't play her part satisfactorily, well, we find someone else who has the right wife."

The same kind of selection takes place with foreign assignments. Again, the wife represents the company on the social level, and she is scrutinized accordingly. "Before we start to groom a man for a job overseas, we find out about the wife," I was told by a com-

Continued on page 74

**THERE OUGHT
TO BE A SCHOOL
FOR FRANCES**

In April Chatelaine—the mother of a blind and retarded daughter tells of her bitter discovery that Canada has no training to offer the doubly handicapped child.

Crowning glory for Coronation Year!

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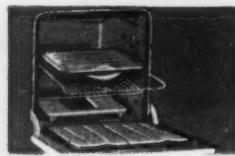
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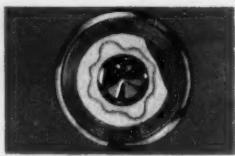
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CHATELAINE HOLDS A TILE-PAINTING PARTY

—and you can too! Let your friends try their artistic talents on tiles you can fire right in your own oven

NEXT TIME YOU entertain, try this recipe for a good party—take a supply of tiles, some paint, brushes and your favorite people . . . aged six or sixty. When it's all over everyone will have had fun, several people will have discovered that they are potential Picassos and you will have a supply of originals in coasters, table mats, wall plaques, or perhaps a smart tray to remember the evening by.

For Chatelaine's party we invited Pat Patterson, TV and radio personality, Frank Tumpanc, newspaper columnist, Harold Town, artist, Clarissa Russell, wife of fashion photographer Desmond Russell, who brought his camera along and took these pictures. Hosts for the evening were the writer and Stanley

Furnival, Chatelaine's Art Director. Glazed tiles you can paint can be bought at hobby shops or tile dealers in any large Canadian city. They come in many sizes but the four-by-four inch size (for twenty cents) or the six-by-six (for thirty-five cents) will probably suit you best. You will also need "cold oven paints" in red, blue, yellow and black, plus thinner, some brushes (borrowed from Junior's paint box), paper, pencils and extra jars for mixing colors.

Before the guests arrive dust off the tiles and clean them with a piece of cloth soaked in paint thinner. Some people will want to plan their design on paper first and trace it onto the tile through a carbon paper. The carbon marks disappear later in the oven. But



Artist Harold Town takes a perspective view of his composition while radio and TV star Pat Patterson concentrates on adding the final touches to hers.

By DORIS McCUBBIN

Photos by Desmond Russell



Your guests, like ours, will probably prefer working on the floor.

Chatelaine's guests all proved to be of the free expression school.

To mix different colors, apply the rules you learned in art class—red and yellow make orange . . . red and blue purple . . . blue and yellow green. If you are painting in several colors, let each one dry before you put on the next one. Should anyone make a mistake it can be erased with thinner.

After everyone has finished, put the tiles in your oven and turn it on. When it reaches three hundred degrees let the tiles cook for fifteen minutes. Then turn the heat off and let them cool gradually. This will make them waterproof.

After the party, you can make coasters from the four-by-four tiles, by cutting felt to fit the tile and gluing

it on the bottom. Do the same to the six-by-six tile to make table mats. If you want to hang the tiles on your walls, it is best to put the picture screws into the tiles before you paint because tiles sometimes crack.

For a tray, glue the tiles on a plywood back, making sure they fit together closely. Secure them in place with picture framing—which you can make yourself, or use a frame you can pick up from a second-hand store. To make the tray waterproof fill the cracks between the tiles with waterproof white cement.

Success of any of these ideas depends, of course, in being able to persuade your guests to leave their works of art behind. If they're envious, tell them to hold tile-painting parties of their own.



Painting is serious with Frank Tumpane, newspaper columnist, but he relaxes later as he helps hostess, Doris McCubbin, put the tiles in the oven to bake.

Finished tray, left to right: Desmond Russell's splatter design, feet, fish and faces by Doris McCubbin, Stanley Farnival and Pat Patterson, Harold Town's abstract and a primitive by Frank Tumpane.

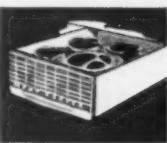


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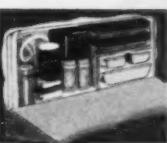
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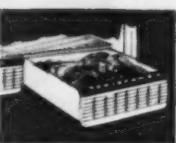
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pany which has a large international business. "Recently we had a case of a very valuable man, whom we had employed in the first instance with a key post in Turkey in mind. He spoke the language, and when we first interviewed him, two years ago, his wife was keen to go along with him. Then a short while ago I noticed a change in her attitude. I asked her bluntly whether she was changing her mind. Well, she hemmed and hawed, and finally she admitted that she didn't think Turkey was such a wonderful place after all. So, now her husband is going into another business which will suit his wife better."

The fact that no direct demands are made of a wife is no guarantee that the company regards an employee's family life as beyond its interest. The Canadian office of International Business Machines told me there was "no particular role" the wife could fulfill in the company. Yet few companies create such a complete social atmosphere for employees, outside of those operating company towns.

In Toronto, I.B.M. operates a country club with a nine-hole golf course. There, for a nominal yearly fee of one dollar, employees can enjoy tennis, bowling and other recreational activities along with their golf. The club includes a nursery that functions on Saturdays and Sundays, freeing the parents from domestic worries while they relax under the company's benevolent regard. Thomas J. Watson, the company's American president, is a great believer in the family life and in temperance, particularly on company premises. He and Mrs. Watson travel thousands of

Continued on page 77

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Stamped on top quality black felt with pinking edges, this bag measures 8 in. x 9 1/2 in. with 2-in. gusset. Material and instructions for \$1.25. Threads 25c extra. Order No. C63.

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YOUNG PARENTS

*Talking it over
with the doctor:*

Measles, Chicken Pox and Mumps

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D.
Director, Child Health Clinic

DR. JONES, a specialist in children's diseases, and his wife are spending the evening with their friends, the Browns. As the Browns have two youngsters—Mary, ten months, and Bobbie, aged three—they are naturally interested in infectious diseases.

MRS. BROWN: *My, it was a relief when Mary's temperature dropped today! What did you say she had?*

DR. JONES: Roseola infantum. We don't know what causes it, but it is mildly infectious and nearly always occurs when babies are cutting their teeth. That is from six months to three years of age, but it hasn't anything to do with teething. I couldn't find any reason for her fever when I examined her the day before yesterday and so I suspected it might be Roseola. The rash that came out today clinched that diagnosis.

MRS. BROWN: *How long will the rash last, Doctor?*

DR. JONES: Not more than a couple of days at the most. It did look a little like a measles rash, but of course measles doesn't come on like that.

MRS. BROWN: *How does measles start?*

DR. JONES: It begins like a bad cold, with fever and running nose and usually swollen eyes. There is generally a cough as well. The rash doesn't appear for three or four days and it is blotchy and red.

MRS. BROWN: *Do you need to keep children with measles in a dark room?*

DR. JONES: It isn't necessary. If their eyes are sensitive to light a pair of dark glasses will relieve their discomfort.

MRS. BROWN: *Why is measles dangerous in babies and young children?*

DR. JONES: Because it is so often followed by pneumonia, and you know that can even be fatal. So one of the reasons why we always warn you against letting anyone with a cough or cold come near your baby is because such apparent colds may really be measles. Besides, mild colds in an older person may make a baby very sick.

MRS. BROWN: *Can't you immunize a child against measles as for diphtheria?*

DR. JONES: No, so far we can't do that, but we can do something to protect babies under three years old and we



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MRS. BROWN: *How does it come on?*

DR. JONES: The rash may be the first sign, or the youngster may be a little feverish and feel sick for a day or two before it appears.

MRS. BROWN: *What does it look like?*

DR. JONES: It nearly always appears on the body first as separate pink spots with tiny water blisters on their tops. Later on scabs form. Usually several crops of spots come out in the same areas of the body in the next few days.

MRS. BROWN: *It can leave quite bad pockmarks or scars, can't it?*

DR. JONES: Not unless the pocks have been scratched and infected, so you want to prevent that. You may have to put mittens on a baby to keep him from scratching himself and be careful to keep an older child's nails very short and clean. The pockmarks are often fairly conspicuous right after the disease, but become progressively less noticeable.

MRS. BROWN: *The rash in smallpox is something like this, isn't it?*

DR. JONES: Yes, although in smallpox more of the spots are on the face and arms and legs. In chicken pox there are

more on the trunk of the body. Smallpox is very dangerous but, as you know, vaccination will prevent it. I'll vaccinate Mary when she's about a year old, the way I did your Bobbie. One of the reasons why mothers should call their doctors if they suspect one of their youngsters has chicken pox is to make sure it isn't smallpox. But if you have your youngsters vaccinated as babies and revaccinated again when they are about six, smallpox need not worry you.

MRS. BROWN: *Now that Mary is immunized against diphtheria and whooping cough, I'm not worrying about them.*

DR. JONES: That's fine, and we'll see she gets her booster doses when the time comes around. They keep her immunity up at a good level.

MRS. BROWN: *Mumps seems to be the only other infectious disease left. There's no rash in it, is there?*

DR. JONES: No. It's another of the virus infections, like measles, German measles and chicken pox, and as with them you very rarely have second attacks.

MRS. BROWN: *Is all the trouble in mumps in the "mump" or parotid glands?*

DR. JONES: No, mumps affects the whole body. That is why the patient is usually feverish and feels miserable for some days. But the main symptom is pain and swelling of the saliva-producing glands. There are six of these glands and the two largest, the parotids, partially surround the lower part of the ear. The parotids are the glands most commonly swollen in mumps, which make it painful to open the mouth. So the patient is given only liquid foods that aren't sour, because sourness often makes the swollen glands hurt more.

MRS. BROWN: *Is there anything that relieves the pain?*

DR. JONES: An ice bag or a hot water bottle often makes the child feel more comfortable. Of course, the patient should stay in bed as long as he feels sick or is feverish.

MRS. BROWN: *Are there any complications after mumps?*

DR. JONES: Before puberty, complications are uncommon but after puberty mumps may cause inflammation of the reproductive or sex glands. This is more frequent in boys. By the way, fairly often a child with mumps develops pain in his abdomen with vomiting. Be sure to tell me if this happens. It may be due to inflammation of the pancreas caused by the mump virus or it may be appendicitis or something else. A doctor can tell which by examining the patient.

MRS. BROWN: *Is mumps as catching as the other infectious diseases?*

DR. JONES: No, so if you keep the sick child in a room by himself, the rest of the family may escape.

MRS. BROWN: *Do people carry the mumps germ and give it to other people without having it themselves?*

DR. JONES: Not that we know of. But sometimes only the small salivary glands are affected and a person may feel so well that he doesn't realize he has mumps. And of course such people can spread it to others. *

If you are expecting a baby or have a new baby in your home you'll find much helpful advice in the two bulletins especially prepared for you by Dr. Elizabeth Chant Robertson. Order your copy of "Preparing for Baby" and "Baby's First Year" from Chatelaine's Service Bulletin Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto. Price, each 5 cents.

The Winnipeg Champs — 1952



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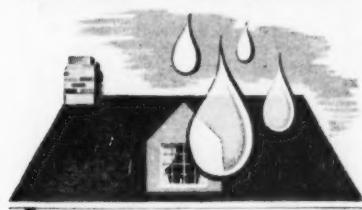
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Continued from page 74
miles yearly to meet the employees and their wives personally.

Nor is this a peculiarly American concept of the family as an integral part of the Company. Says Sam Steinberg, president of the highly successful chain of Steinberg food stores in Quebec: "We regard the wives and families of our employees as having the same importance to us as our customers and suppliers." And he outlined how the family was acquainted with the company's activities through conducted tours of the warehouse and stores, and through social activities, including a mammoth picnic. When a driver-participation plan was instituted, in which company truck drivers were rewarded for accident-free driving, the prize list was sent directly to the wives of the drivers. "That way we knew we would get full co-operation," he told me.

Wives Test New Products

Similarly, Canada Packers customarily mail samples of a new product direct to the wives of salesmen, on the theory that if they like it, their husbands will do a better job of selling. On the other hand, a complaint from a salesman's wife about quality or packaging is treated with the utmost seriousness.

Recently an American publication surveyed the trend in the United States toward the new corporate family of big business. I had the opportunity of discussing the parallel development here with Dr. Bruce Rudnick, a Montreal psychoanalyst who has dealt with numerous casualties of the tensions created by modern business, both in the United States and in Canada. Dr. Rudnick wrote the scripts for National Film Board's outstanding series of mental health films. He pointed out that while this new type of corporate family community has developed further in the United States than in Canada, it has the same basic motives and characteristics in both countries. And he cited several instances of the tragic results that can flow from the conflicts which arise between business and the home under the new tribal system.

One of these concerned a young man who was very highly regarded by his boss, and for whom his American company cherished great plans. He met and married a girl who was favorably regarded by the

company's president, and then he suddenly developed an acute neurosis and intense unhappiness. He came to realize that the condition stemmed from the fact that he allowed his boss to make all his major decisions, even to the point of choosing a wife. He developed an acute dislike both for his employer and for his wife. He gave up his job and he divorced his wife. Today, at another job and married to another woman of his own free choice, he is successful at his business and happy in his home life. Dr. Rudnick has developed very definite views on the new relationship between business and the home. He said:

"It would be interesting to trace the parallel with ancient tribal practices; the taboos, the caste system, and the rites that governed primitive society. I think we are seeing the establishment of a similar set of rules with roughly the same basic purpose. Business would prefer to see a man choose the kind of wife who is best suited to the demands of business, and there is a strong passive tendency on the part of the man to select the kind of wife who would please his boss rather than the kind of wife who might make the best home."

"In the United States, this tendency may have developed to a much greater degree than in Canada. On the other hand, there is greater individual liberty for the man in the United States than in Canada, within this pattern. Divorce, for instance, is easy to obtain in the United States, and has little or no stigma attached to it. You have instances of companies aiding a man to free himself from an unsuccessful marriage. In Canada we have a more difficult divorce situation, and basically a more matriarchal and religious atmosphere, particularly among the wives of upper brass in business. Consequently there is more stigma to a divorce here, and when a man's career may be in the balance, the fact of his being divorced may be decisive."

"Basically the whole idea of the selection of a wife for business reasons is fallacious."

"First of all you can easily recall a score of names of people who gained fame and fortune despite bad or unhappy marriages; perhaps because of them. Napoleon didn't tarry long with Josephine, but she hardly seemed to affect his career. Nelson, too, had his liaison with Lady Hamilton, and so

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forth. Then think of our great bachelor,
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"Secondly, it is a truism of psychology
that a man with a strong masochistic
urge may make a marriage which is
tense and unhappy, satisfying that urge
and freeing his strongest creative
energies for his business. I have seen
numerous examples of this.

"On a mature level, one can say that
the best kind of marriage is one which
results in a comfortable and satisfactory
home, in which the support and stimulation
of the wife gives the man a
feeling of contentment and success.
But that cannot be a boss-dictated
marriage, which at once introduces a
note of tension and strain.

"A wife may be selected because she
is good for a man's business career,
socially acceptable and talented. But
that is no guarantee that she can stand
the tensions and demands of family
life. Many a good mother is quiet, shy
in conversation, perhaps not at all
personally prepossessing, but she can
add depth and warmth to a home
which the socially cultivated woman
may not be capable of.

"Of course it adds to the success of
a marriage if a wife shares certain
aspects of her husband's work. But
that is not the same thing as taking a
direct part. She plays the part of a
friend as well as a wife. Yet if she
feels that she is living under the direct
scrutiny of the boss, tensions can be
increased tremendously.

"The company interferes with the
family at its own peril. That a man's
freedom of choice and the sanctity of
the home should be sacrificed for
business benefits is anti-human, and
will eventually lead to discord if not
tragedy." *

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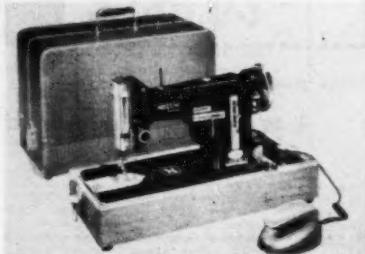
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READER TAKES OVER

Continued from page 3

just been taken in by one of these sharks—to the tune of \$16 for the "re-conditioned vacuum cleaner." As his performance was exactly as described in your article I would have been prepared.—A. G., Lacombe, Alta.

Christmas in November

This Christmas I was sending a gift of money. My unglamorous money order was in the mail several days before Chatelaine arrived with the suggestion of a "money corsage." Please next year make November the Christmas gift idea issue. What would be in the December number? Why, a host of Christmas stories like Ernest Buckler's "A Present for Miss Merriam."—Mrs. A. H. Carlson, Red Lake, Ont.

Twice Robbed

I have just read the article "The Night the Burglar Came to Our House," by Marjorie Wilkins Campbell in December Chatelaine. She certainly makes a big fuss of a burglary. I have been burgled twice and my home upset but nothing taken except 5¢ one time because there was nothing of value to take, and the 5¢ meant as much to me as probably \$500 to Mrs. Campbell or \$50,000 to some millionaire.—Mrs. I. Brown, Ladner, B.C.

No Steam In Recipes

Have subscribed to your magazine for only a year and already I am beginning to feel I have bought another cookbook instead, for that's apparently what I bought anyway. I just can't get steamed up about curling up in bed with a good story

might do the trick.—Mrs. A. W. Barnes, Victoria.

... Your January issue was filled with excellent recipes, but I can't figure out any recipe-filing system into which they fit. Only a few could go into a card index file and a number of these are back-to-back so there'd have to be a choice of either-or. —M.S. Middlemase, Calgary.

Writer, Not Town, Narrow-Minded

I can't help but be amused at the party who wrote "I Won't Raise My Children in a Small Town," in February Chatelaine. Having been raised in a small town it has taught us, and when I say us, I mean everybody that came from this same small town, tolerance and consideration and how to get along with our neighbors. He, the writer, seems to forget that even cities are made up of small communities. Of every incident he speaks of in a small town, I could tell of happening many times over in the cities.—Catherine Mabaffey, Vancouver.

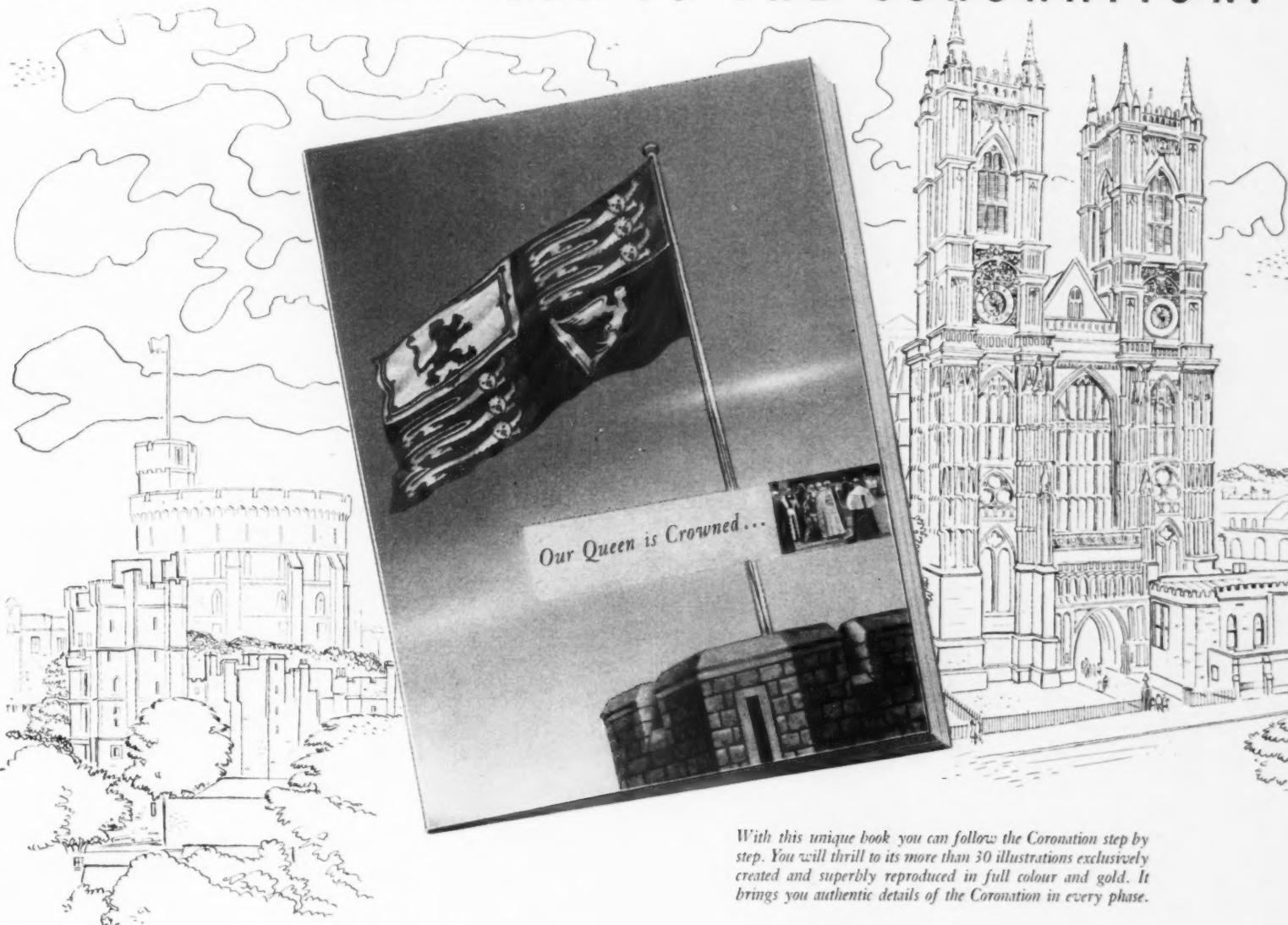
Relapse Temporary?

After your most successful 1952, it was with great surprise that I read the new February issue—alas, the mid-winter doldrums seem to have hit your staff. The photographic reproductions are a fright. Is there any real reason, except Art for Art's sake, in putting our Queen's picture on the cover along with a pop-eyed singer and a sultry model? Sorry to blow off like this, in my first and only letter to any magazine, but are all the improvements in Chatelaine during the past two years going to come tumbling down in one issue? I hope that this relapse is purely temporary.—D. A. Robertson, Lethbridge.

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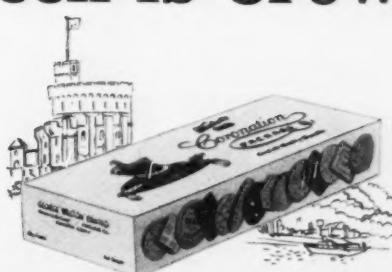
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